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DRUMMER

3⁹⁵

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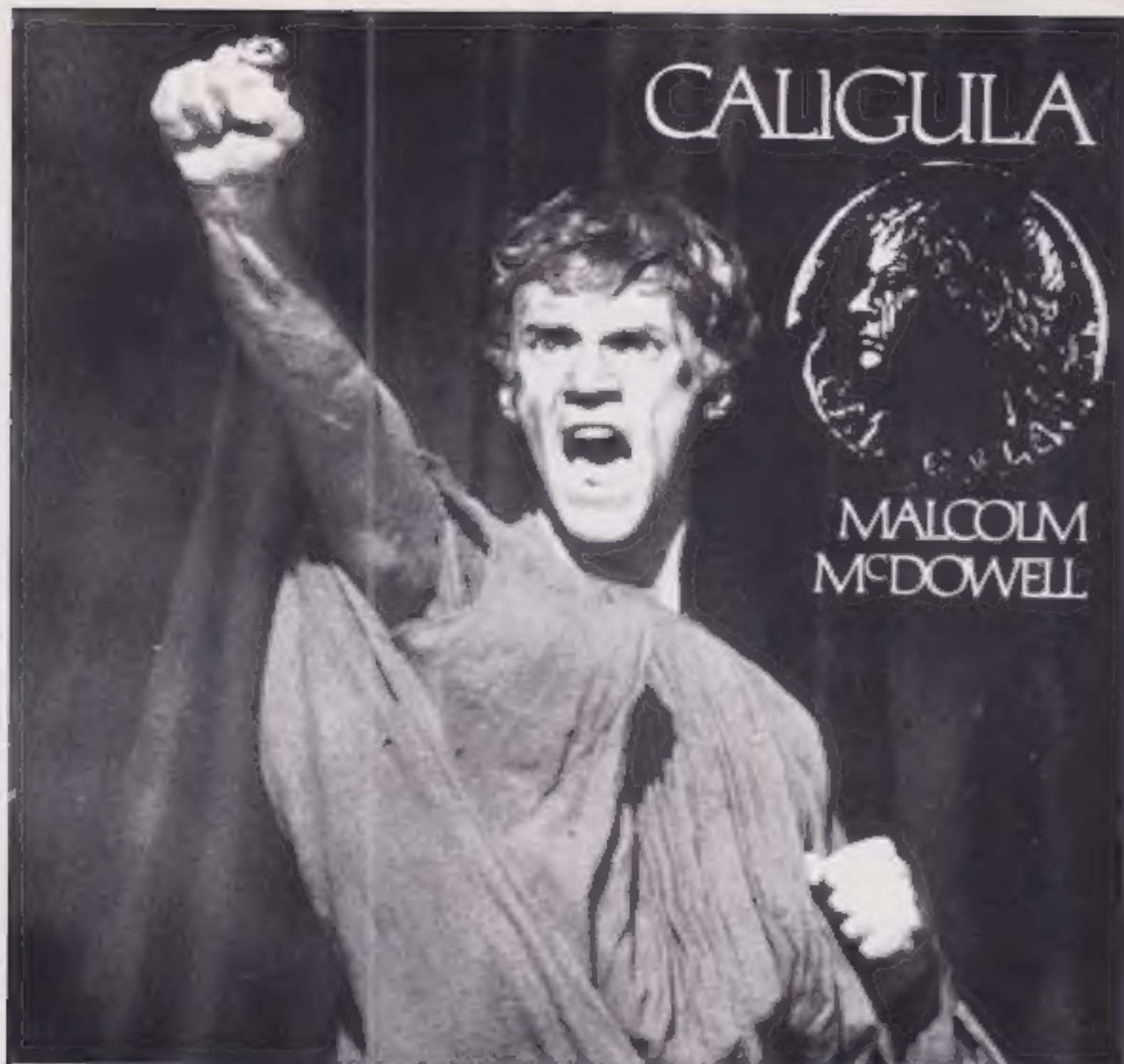
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ISSUE 75



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An hour of highlights from *Ebony Love*, *Cop in the Park*, *Challenger*, *Mark*, *Eureka Bound*, *Erection Set*, *Don't Fight It Kid*, *Truckstop*, and *Marine Furlough*.

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BEST OF TROPHY II

An hour of highlights from *J. Brian's Flashback*, *Winner's Circle*, *Hungry Hole*, *Blue Streak*, *Small Town Boy*, and *Breakdown*.

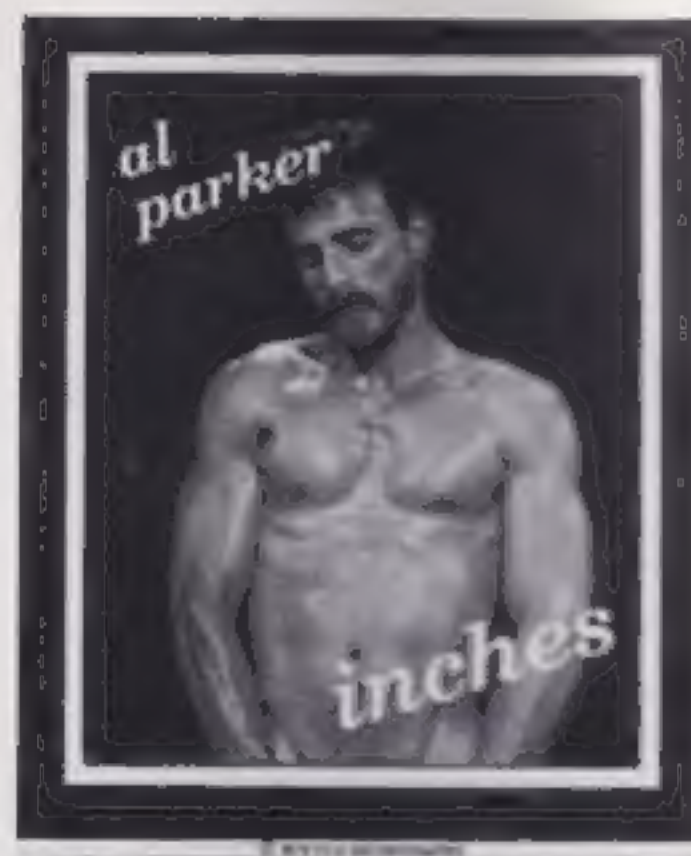
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Lusty and sexual, *Inches* is already a classic among contemporary gay films. This is the memorable production that set the standard for Al Parker's extraordinary career.

VHS/BETA **69⁹⁵**



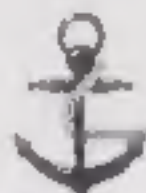
PLEASURE BEACH

Arthur J. Bressan Jr.'s first erotic gay film since *Forbidden Letters* is a torrid, romantic, steamy look at the world of lifeguards and surfers. Michael Christopher, Johnny Dawes, and Chris Burns head a hot, talented cast that know no limits in their search for satisfaction...and love.

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover and Opposite Page: A lesson from the legend of Samson—when the hair gets shorn, so does the slave's resistance. Photos by Jim Wigler.

GETTING OFF

We keep hearing how Liberalism is at its lowest ebb since anyone can remember. The great liberal newspaper columnists are gone; the political progressives have been routed by the ultra-right. Franklin Roosevelt, John and Robert Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey and Adlai Stevenson seem dim memories, even if today's generation can tell you who they were. Where once there were liberal giants, now all we have are mental pygmies; know-nothings who seem to be interested only in power, the buck and prayer in schools.

Whatever became of the liberals? We ask because the only progress the gay community has been able to make toward first-class citizenship has been through liberal causes directed by liberal thinking. There would appear to be no hope whatever for minorities, such as gays, in conservative circles.

We have withstood the religious right, the political far-right, police mentality and have made great, if agonizing, accomplishments in the past dozen years. Our votes are sought, our buying power is beginning to be acknowledged, our talents, creativity, even genius is recognized, however reluctantly. But, alas, there is a more powerful enemy than the combined Falwells, Bryants, Deukmejian, Reagans, Helms and Hitlers. It is ourselves.

Two giant setbacks have just recently occurred to begin canceling out years of hard effort. And they came from within, not from without.

In San Francisco, the forces headed by the mayor were able to take another step toward turning America's most liberal city into Glendale, or worse, Dade County. From a very few panicky gays came the idea to close the baths because of the plague. And that other side took full advantage of that hysteria. We ended up accomplishing exactly what they wanted us to do. The police presence is back with us and the baths are just a beginning.

In Minneapolis, the feminists were able to bring in good old fashioned censorship, using the ploy that pornography was detrimental to the image of women. If that school of thought continues, it won't be just the T&A magazines that will end up getting burned. Using that same rationalization, one can work all the way up to the Bible's Old Testament (a favorite of the usually antisemitic right wing), the text of which is far more male chauvinistic than it is anti-homosexual.

When these setbacks occur, Falwell, Schlafley & Company smile in triumph as they watch us accomplish what they were not able to do. And we did it to ourselves.

Liberalism, which has brought the great advances throughout history, is far from dead. But it is taking a terrible beating from its friends.

John H. Embry, Publisher

DRUMMER 7

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

CIGAR STUDS

You guys have done it once again, with that photo story about "Cigar Studs" in *Drummer 74*. Where else can a horny cigar lover find this kind of blow-by-blow, authentic action (and authentic men) captured on film? Really hot—no pun intended.

But my question is: Where can I find Cigar Studs? The story says the pictures were taken in San Francisco, but that the organization is national. Can you give me an address?

Beau

Atlanta, GA

(Editor's note: Yes, we neglected to give a contact address, and cigar lovers from all over the country have been lighting a fire underneath us ever since. For information on the club, write to Cigar Studs, P.O. Box 15344, San Antonio, TX 78212.)

CIGARS & TIME TRAVEL

Your editors and Jim Wigler will never know how authentic and true-to-life that "Cigar Studs" segment in *Drummer 74* (especially the opening two pages) was to the redneck bars around here—it was uncanny! That stud on the top of page 10 could be the prototype of the studs who live around here and work at the chemical plants and refineries nearby. (I've lucked onto a couple of them, under very controlled conditions, and they can be real firecrackers! That ol' temptation for the forbidden can really work wonders on some of these trade studs, especially the young, newly married ones.) Please, let's have more cigar-oriented spreads like this one.

That John Kass segment was another example of Wigler's expertise—those photos fairly smolder! Are you ever going to compile a book of his best and/or favorite photos?

All of the fiction in *Drummer 74* hit me right for a number of reasons. Of course, T.R. Witomski's "Just Give Me What I Want" was an excellent standard homosex fuck story with great psycho-logical overtones, but the other two stories really hit my buttons. "The Conquering Strength" was the kind of current, contemporary homosex story with a topical locale (South American or Southeast Asian Third World country) that I'd been wanting to read, and Roy F. Wood really laid on the SM.

Mason Powell's "The Doom of the Marquis de Cheval Gris" (of the Gray Horse?) was the real surprise of the fiction section. I have a weak spot for that rarest of genres, gay historical fiction, especially with SM overtones. I've read "Marquis" at least six times so far, and I just can't get over it—SM at the court of King Louis XIV

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STILL SMOKIN': Another look at smoldering John Kass, *Drummer 74*. Photo by Jim Wigler.

of France! That story set my mind and imagination reeling—what could Powell do in a similar story about the Prussian king, Frederick the Great, or England's King James I, or Spain's King Alfonso XIII? How about Powell doing a version of a Russian grand duke's search (during the reign of Catherine the Great) for the "perfect" SM slave, or the suffering of a French POW during the Franco-Prussian War, or the SM subjugation of a heretic young priest by one of the corrupt, hypocritical Popes in the Italian Renaissance, or a French cavalryman who loses his way and is captured and abused by Russian troops during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, or—well, you get the idea...

F.J.

Texas

ALL I NEED

I remember very clearly the first time I

had your magazine in my hands. It was your first issue; I was very excited to be holding the most erotic magazine ever published.

At first I thought: This is never going to make it. The magazine is too explicit and raunchy, too hot and too much; but my surprise came when I saw your second issue on the stands, and then the third, and so on.

Since then, I never have any contact with another human being. Not that I don't want to or I can't; it is impossible for me to cope without your magazine. Everything I need and I want, it is there (all my fantasies).

I can't get enough of reading your articles, looking at your fantastic models and fine art. What else do I need? To my knowledge, all this is attributed to a lot of people who in one way or another have

something to do with your publication.

1984 is going to be the number of times I jerk off on your pictures and magazine this year. Sometimes I can't see or read or go through the pages; all the magazines are stuck to each other, from too much cum.

Make 1984 another hot, wet, raunchy, nasty year. And as you say: If a man does not keep pace with his hands, perhaps it is because he is reading a different magazine.

To you, Mr. Robert Payne (Pain?)—yes, I have and feel a lot of pain in my dick and hands, from too much action; but please give me more.

Steve P.
Los Angeles, CA

RUBBER FLAP

My letter in *Drummer* 74 ("Rubber & Tattoos") appears to have created quite a bit of comment here, especially since I am no kid. One chap called to ask what I had against leather! Of course, I have nothing against it, being the owner of some of the best of the Langlitz collection, engineer boots, etc., and having been a buddy rider to the tune of 300,000 miles on the back of a number of Harleys (my first lover had 28 of them in his lifetime, along with a BSA for road games and hill climbs).

But rubber, black, always turns me on, too—for its aroma, its tight fit (jock straps, gas masks, headgear, T-shirt) and also because a Master can remain clean and dry in hip boots during a water sports session in which the slave gets plenty wet and sodden. Both leather and rubber are great for a real SM session with many variations. I hope my letter creates a growing interest in NWRC, a fine society...

Also, being no kid, I like Bill Ward finally showing himself (*Drummer* 74, page 77), and also the older chap in the lower shot on page 15.

Jim Belton
Chicago, IL

MR. ZEUS

Thanks for giving us a good look (two good looks) at Jeb Greston, the new Mr. Zeus, in your International Leather Scene section (*Drummer* 74). From these photos, he appears to be quite a hunk—especially in the full-page, full-leather shot on page 79.

Also, it seems to me that you're showing more black men in *Drummer* lately—not a lot, but they're there. I appreciate this. It's always especially fun whenever Drum connects with a black top. And I love the way black men look in leather—some people like white-on-white, but I love that sensuous, glossy look of black-on-black.

Master Tom
Cleveland, OH

STRAIGHT UP DOWN UNDER

I thought you might like to receive a letter from "Down Under" complimenting you on your magazine and the plea-



STILL SMOKIN': Another look at those Cigar Studs from *Drummer* 74. Photo by Jim Wigler.

sure it gives to at least one guy over here.

I note that in most of the letters you publish, people remark on a particular issue or item in an issue, but I feel unable to do that as I'm into most of the things contained in your magazine (there are quite a few others of us over here, too!), and so always find a great deal of horny reading in every one.

Keep up the good work (and the good models), and I shall await my next issue with bated breath, or at least bated something.

Thanks again for a great magazine.

Michael Adams
Paddington, NSW
Australia

AUSTRALIAN CRAWL

Drummer continues to be the best on the international scene, and my subscription to it is one of the best investments I have ever made. However, since it is an international publication—even though it has to crawl through many postal customs in the so-called "Free World"—I don't know why you don't publish the overseas prices for your various special publications.

M.K.
Mullimbimby, NSW
Australia

(Editor's note: A good idea. Until the information works its way into announcements in the magazine, readers in Australia and Europe should simply add \$2.60 in U.S. currency to the pre-publication or regular price of special magazines like *Drummer Daddies* 2, etc. This will cover air-overseas postage.)

WHERE ARE THE DADDIES?

I've always enjoyed the "Drummer Daddies" features in your great mag, as well as the two *Drummer Daddies* magazines that you've put out, so I was glad to

see in your "Sneak Previews" in issue 73 that a third *Drummer Daddies* magazine is on the way. But how about getting more true-life Daddy material back into *Drummer* itself? The last "Drummer Daddies" column I remember was back in issue 68.

Son David

Albuquerque, NM

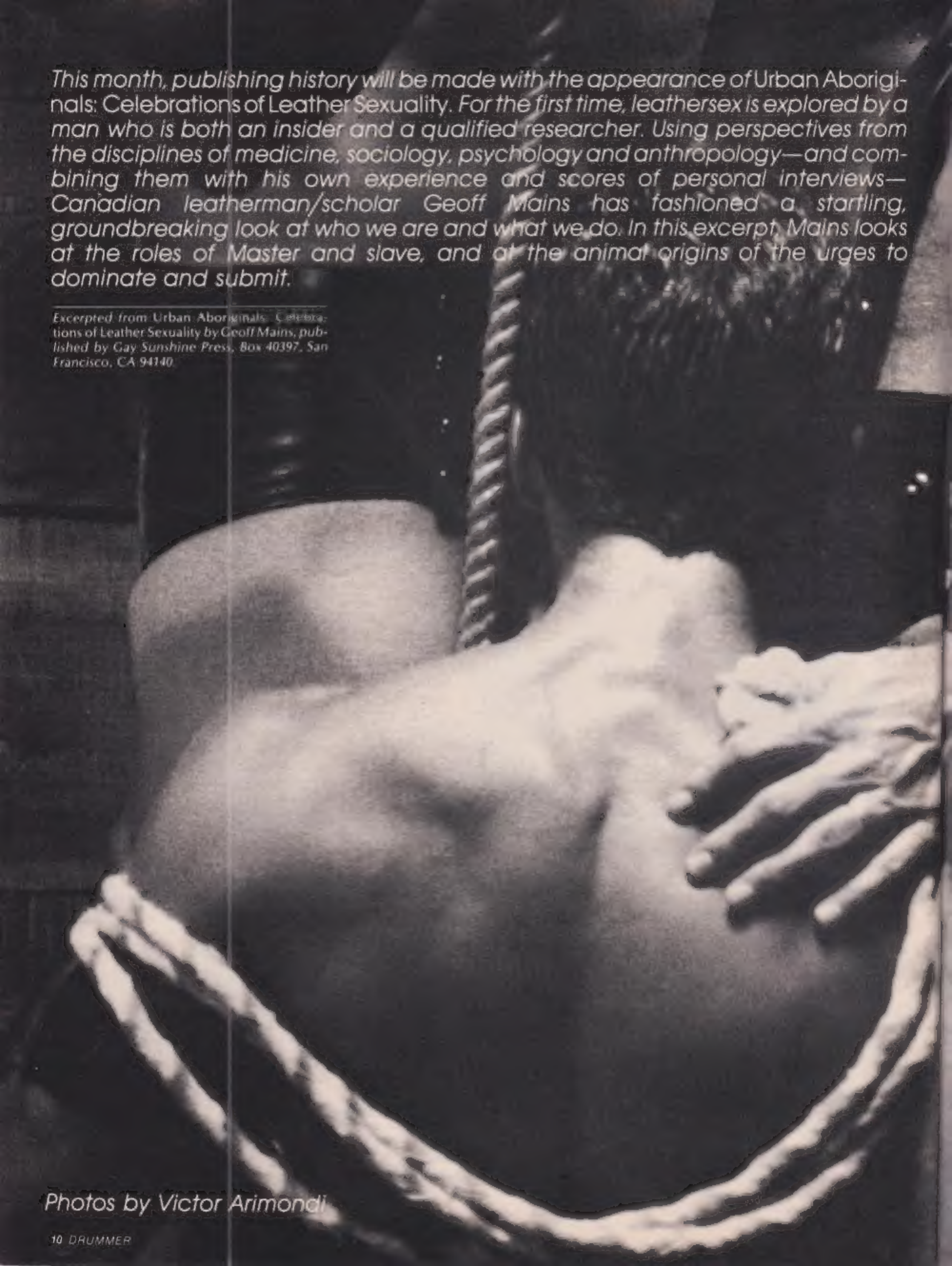
(Editor's note: Will do—the only hitch is that all those true-life Daddy/son stories and fantasies have to come from readers who have a tale they want to share. Have all the good stories already been told? We don't think so, but we're waiting to hear them so we can pass them on. It's up to you, so get cracking. That's an order!)

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This month, publishing history will be made with the appearance of Urban Aboriginals: Celebrations of Leather Sexuality. For the first time, leathersex is explored by a man who is both an insider and a qualified researcher. Using perspectives from the disciplines of medicine, sociology, psychology and anthropology—and combining them with his own experience and scores of personal interviews—Canadian leatherman/scholar Geoff Mains has fashioned a startling, groundbreaking look at who we are and what we do. In this excerpt, Mains looks at the roles of Master and slave, and at the animal origins of the urges to dominate and submit.

Excerpted from Urban Aboriginals: Celebrations of Leather Sexuality by Geoff Mains, published by Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140.

Photos by Victor Arimondi

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]



Jack has had rows of needles pushed into his cock and scrotum. He's had nails banged through the head of his cock. And he's been virtually suspended by his tits.

Pete: "We enjoy the uncertainty, and we respect each other enough that losing is always a pleasure. Don't get me wrong. When we play we play seriously. There are limits, but the winner takes all."

Roger: "Shit, I'll never forget the time Pete won and shaved my head as part of the scene. I had an important business meeting the following week. I can forgive, but I'll never forget."

George and Dominic arrange their roles mutually and by way of discussion at the beginning of each scene. "Dom's usually top, although sometimes we decide differently... Sometimes I provoke him a little to get him to show he's really in control. It's not that I'm passive. I just show what I like. I love slipping into the role of worshipping his gloves, his boots. I love it when he does things so that I want more. And when he gets aggressive. You know... 'You can take it, fucker'... 'Get your hand away or I'll have to restrain you'... It's such a nice feeling to sink into it and let someone else take charge."

Ed wrestles sexually. "Not a lot of guys are into wrestling but those that are—watch out!" While some do battle for dominance, Ed looks at it as a friendly struggle between equals. "Something is very sensual, animal, in rubbing sweaty limbs together, in grappling instinctively, no holds barred."

Sometimes they wrestle naked or in jockstraps. Sometimes they wear leather. As much as possible it's skin to skin. And as the wrestlers sink into sensual eroticism, all sorts of feelings come loose. Pain-pleasure barriers rise. Hands grapple at ball sacks and tits. Oiled, sweaty bodies bang like drumbeats against the mats and each other. The action is intense, even violent.

"We fight to dominate territory of body. All the way it's a give and-take sort of fight, teetering at the edge, both of us knowing that either of us could go over at any moment. In between rounds we recoup our energy. We lie together and touch each other. Nearly always, we kiss."

"I've got to be on the look-out," recounts Jerry. "In the relationship we share, Hank's always trying for ways to catch me up." He maintains his position as top, Jerry explains, through an ongoing mastery of his lover's attempts to gain the better of him. "We talk about it often. We enjoy the challenge of pitting ourselves one against the other, especially during sex. This isn't the sort of thing we expect every couple to engage in, but we certainly enjoy it. We have our rest periods, of course."

This is a careful, yet emotional form of

thwarting, the two men explain. "We become totally engrossed with each other but we control the way we use our emotions. Jerry very rarely gets angry, he just quietly does something to show that he's in control. Occasionally I'll get him hopping mad, though. Then the belt feels really good."

Under a close black beard, Jack has the looks and body of Marlon Brando. He rides a Gold Wing. And he can tell some pretty raunchy stories of the abuse he's taken.

"I've always been proud of my capacity to withstand. I'm physically strong and I've been through shit. Sure, I like myself. But I also like to see what a man can do to me. I like to see how much more I can take."

"It's controlled and I wouldn't have it any other way. Most tops are careful. But my limits are way out there and I'm real proud of it." Jack, on occasion, has had rows of needles pushed into his cock and scrotum. He's had nails banged through the head of his cock. And he's been virtually suspended from his tits. "It's got to be in the right head space. But it's a real proof of who I am, of the strength that's in me. Look at the warrior initiations of the Mandans. Skewered through the pecs and hung from ropes; they had to dance themselves free. That was the same sort of proving."

Bob is twenty-four and presently a slave. Before he met Lou he was fucked up. He emigrated to the City from Kansas in search of the great gay life. Instead he found drugs, street life and a coterie of burnt-out friends. His hair was long and full of lice and he lived in garbage in the Tenderloin. The bottom had fallen out of his life.

Bob chanced to meet Lou because of his like for stronger and self-comfortable men ready to give direction. "He's learning respect for his own life," Lou says. "He's a hot little fucker now he's cleaned himself up. But I wouldn't tell him that directly. He's got to learn to appreciate himself in his own way, not by letting his ego loose."

Quite voluntarily Bob addresses his master as Sir. He does some housework and errands and he's going to night school. "Sometime I expect he'll be out managing quite well on his own," suggests Lou. "Eventually he might even want to become a top."

While they have never met, Charles and Neil might fit each other well.

Charles defines himself as a heavy bottom. "I'm totally passive and I like to give completely." And while he has limits,

Charles feels these are often unimportant. He enjoys whatever his top does more because he does it than because of what it feels like. "I'll drink piss, get slapped around, be tied up if that's what the man wants... There's only one thing I've got to like him and he's got to care about me and he's got to show that. Otherwise it won't work. I get some real joy when I let go and focus on how much my master is enjoying the situation."

When I met Neil in a northwest coast leather bar, he was quick to explain what he wanted of me. "I like to dominate. If we go home I'm going to put you in a sling and restrain you. Then I'm going to catheterize you. After that I'm going to fist your ass."

Don't you like any suspense or any improvisation?" I inquired.

"Certainly that's possible," Neil told me. "But it's also possible that I've already decided just what I want to do."

Later, a friend who had on occasion played with Neil told me a further thread of the story. "It was my birthday, and Neil and I were involved in a heavy scene. Toward the end of it, and while I was still in restraints, Neil exercised his ultimate authority. I was to have a choice, he said. He was going to pierce me, something of which he had said nothing in his detailed synopsis at the beginning of the evening. The ring would go either under my cock or through my foreskin, would I please make up my mind? It was fabulous," my friend continued, "I've always wanted it done. What a birthday present."

John first met his current master when the man had been visiting Boston. Giving up an executive position with no mean financial rewards, he had moved to the California coast to become a full-time slave. "I was getting ulcers from the conflicts in my life," he explains. "It was either living in a totally new way or going mad."

Did he have problems in making such a shift? "It wasn't easy for the first while and we had to jostle things around between us. Voluntarily I work, serve, obey and love him. But I still have my own creativity. I paint and he encourages me to do that." John explains that he looks to his master for security, responsibility and a sense of values. "Giving for me is an absolute thing, and I have to be sure it's the right person. In return he knows he can trust me. He knows my devotion will be honest."

His master echoes these sentiments. "He's been my boy for nearly two years now and I absolutely run his life. I give him stability. You know there can't be a



"SM isn't for everyone. For people who can be emotionally open and who trust their ultimate integrity, SM offers an incomparable experience..."

master without a slave. But I won't tolerate attempts to manipulate me. I feel gratified by the confidence he has in me. I wouldn't take it if it wasn't given freely and from the heart. I'm determined never to betray that."

The two men live in a form of delicate balance, each feeding off the other, each supplying the other's needs. It is a self-perpetuating cycle that depends on each respecting the needs of the other, neither can step too far without causing disruption of the whole.

Neither John nor his master see their way of life as a guideline for anyone. "Both of us came to the agreement that it was best for us. We still talk about it. That's important, because so many Gay couples get so caught up in their roles they forget that they actually made the choice in the first place." While long-term slavery of this type happens only occasionally in the leather scene, the individuals involved see it as a natural outcome of their characters and their sexual play.

John and his master are amused at what they regard as contradictions in larger society. "Everyone is told they're equal but people sure don't treat each other that way. We believe that we're equal but that we're coming from different directions. It just happens that of our own free will, many of us don't want to live in a prescribed way." They see the right to choose as essential in the matter. "Our sort of relationship," says John, "helps to explore a lot of what actually goes on within people. It creates an awareness of sexual and emotional motives. We are sexual and sensual beings and what turns us on has a lot to do with the way we act. Our form of slavery reconnects us with our animal selves."

Shakespeare Said It All

It has probably been said that anything to do with the basics of human nature has been touched on by Shakespeare. Leather is no exception. The work that most clearly casts light on this subject is *The Tempest*, and its focus is role-play.¹

In what must be the most magical of Shakespeare's plays, Prospero, deposed as Duke of Milan, has become sorcerer on a lonely island. Under his enchantment are two slaves. The first, Caliban, is a metaphor of the animal side of the human spirit. The second, Ariel, is the giddy and inspirational flight of human fancy.

Onto this island and into the web of Prospero's magic are conveniently dropped, by way of a contrived shipwreck, the enemies of the wizard. Unaware of their plight, they remain motivated by

their ambitions and insecurities and they play out all of their frailties. But however free any of these characters think themselves, they are but acting under the direction of Prospero who guides their encounters to bring insight and gentle retribution.

The Tempest is about role-play and the stepping into and out of it. Here is a type of leather scene where the master probes and cajoles for the benefit of those concerned. Here are individuals blind to their own games, their actions fraught with delusion. Here are characters that are spoiled and bitchy, cunning and scheming, faithless and uncharitable, or just plain bumbling. None of these are traits generally espoused by leather, although some of them are certainly present. Most of them are regarded as shortcomings that leatherplay can work to overcome.

Within the play are incessant allusions to bondage, to pain-pleasure, to indulgence, to discipline, to piss—even to licking boots. They are made in reference to the bonds in which life traps us. The play tells of the harshness of unseeing people and of the cruelty of rigid and involuntary roles. Civilization, with all of its higher orders and established seniorities, seems vulgar and cruel.

We live in a world run by schemers like Sebastian and Antonio, who, blind to the insecurity that drives them or the pains they wreak on others, know nothing of limits. In contrast with these blind men, Prospero the master understands limits and responsibility. He exercises his extraordinary powers with restraint and even gentleness. He has learned his limits like a true leatherman through reversal of position, and through the insights and humility that come from such a reversal.

It is our propensity to role-play in everyday life that makes theatre such an attractive experience. Just as in drama, we may well be motivated by personal desire or social and economic disparities, by prejudice or by hope. But these moving forces are almost inevitably transformed into actions that follow repeated, almost predictable patterns. We, like the actors confined within the written roles of the play, slip into the constraints of our personal behavior. How soon we become blind to expectation and to response. The play can be apotheosis for us.

On the mystical isle of *The Tempest*, Shakespeare steps beyond the world-order of his time to suggest that there may be others. But whatever the order of those worlds, acculturation can make a people blind to the roles they play and the injustices these roles bring. Whatever

the culture, Shakespeare suggests, there are inevitably roles, for however different those roles are from the Elizabethan world-view, the tendency to play them is a human one.

Gonzalo, a wise and rather ineffectual counselor to the king, waxes mellow on the ideal world of the noble savage. But Gonzalo has yet to meet the caricature of Caliban, bound to earth, instinct, indulgence and gut emotion, and as conditioned and full of shortcomings as any citizen of the feudal age. Like Caliban and Ariel, humans are bound to both their passion and their animal natures as well as to the roles they play. Even the master of them all is slave to the intellect and the roles that it demands. We can only learn, and possibly change, by stepping beyond ourselves. That is the magic that Prospero wields, and in the very end, he himself must beg us to release him from it.

Dominant as Submissive

"Mutuality. Heavy SM to me implies heavy enjoyment on both sides...both input some control to each other...Take your one hand and hit it with the fist of the other. Which feels the more? Both feel the same force but from different directions."

Wakefield Poole²

Role-play, as practiced in leatherspace, yields some contrasts with the backdrop of larger society.

Role-play is undertaken because people enjoy it. Submission is voluntary with full awareness of its taking place. The adoption of distinctive roles is restricted to specific situations, and between specific individuals. Often, the individuals are flexible in their choice.

Role-play is at least in part a form of conscious auto-drama. Proposes Ian Young: "...the exploration is itself liberating...While the dynamics of SM may reinforce the categorization of sex and sex roles, I think it is more likely to break them down. People have an opportunity to be more aware of the elements of dominance and submission in all relationships...³ Leather theatre might be viewed as a form of play (another primate behavior) and based on possibly instinctive influences related to dominance and role. In this play the actors tend to view themselves and their action. As well, this is a form of play that attempts to come to grips with motivation.

Leatherplay works best with a clear mind and an honest approach. Writes Don Miesen: "SM isn't for everyone. For people who can be emotionally open and



who trust their ultimate integrity, SM offers an incomparable experience. For people who are erotically repressed and dependent on erotic authoritarianism, SM triggers hatred and myths about how human nature is fundamentally evil."⁴

The act of coming to grips with role-play and other forms of instinctive motivation that underlie human behavior is by no means endorsement of either their rigidity or applicability in general human affairs. Rather, by running through the instinctive gamut, the mind can come to experience both the range of their effects and the degree of their powers. These perspectives in turn provide opportunity for liberation. One participant in heavy role-play makes just this point. "I love licking boots if it's the right man. Ten years ago I wouldn't have believed that I could be that submissive. A lot of people say they don't have any power motives either way. But often they're the first to blindly get caught up in some form of power trip."

It is because of these perspectives, perhaps, that many leathermen share a basic sense of equality and are distrustful of power-seeking in others. Comments one man: "I find what I do sexually, either giving or dominating, diffuses my tendencies to scramble ahead without thinking of others or to assert my authority." It seems possible that because of the accentuation of role during play, many leathermen wish assurance that the scene is undertaken by equals or involves two-way exchange. Such mutuality confirms that the play is but a form of living theatre with ground rules that are pre-set.

Suggests one observer: "The dominant is also a submissive partner in an SM relationship. This is because the dominant, although 'in control,' is in control within the physical and emotional limitations of the submissive."⁵ Both men have a good deal to contribute, and respect each other's ability to do just that. "... It takes a lot of strength and direction to let yourself go and commit yourself to a master," proposes one man; "many slaves have more direction than their would-be masters."

These views suggest that leathermen expect very different attitudes within their role-play than those associated with dominance expression in the larger world. In short, attitude is out. Writes one man: "The two most unwelcome types-

are the pushy bottom who wants to be abused and humiliated to justify his feelings of guilt and self-hatred, and the pseudo-top who is only top because he is afraid of his own passivity and inability to trust..." Of these latter men, he suggests that "their low self-image coupled with an inability to deal with criticism leave them open to taking irresponsible action."⁶

That leatherplay is largely mutual may have biological roots.

Where forms of dominance hierarchy

Continued on page 37

SLAVESHAVING



IS HARD WORK PERHAPS
BUT IT CAN BE REWARDING
YOU START WITH A SLAVE...



SLAVESHAVING LONG

PHOTOGRAPHY by JIM WIGLER
SHAVE & HAIRCUT by ROBERT PAYNE

When Scott O'Hara walked in, we were impressed, we had to admit. We already knew he had won the "Biggest Dick in San Francisco" contest, but there was something else about him besides that huge cock hanging down between his legs. We noticed when he was told to strip, he did it immediately and without any hesitation. "Come over here," we said from behind the desk and he presented himself hands behind his back, huge appendage to the front. I lifted the ample balls and bent over to check out the calves when something big, stiff and heavy hit me in the forehead. I slapped the big dick aside and it sprang back, upfront and rigid. "Turn around," I said, to keep from



LONG HAIR IS OUT. NO HAIR IS IN. PERIOD.

ROBERT PAYNE / "CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE"

getting poked in the eye. I looked upon beautiful, smooth buns flowing down to heavy thighs and calves.

"Your hair is too long, buddy."

"Would you like to cut it off, Sir?"

"I'm talking about the hair on your head."

"You can shave it if you wish, Sir." And I had only been asking for a possible haircut.

"How about your pubic hair?"

"It is usually shaved, Sir. Would you like it off?"

Beautiful attitude. So be prepared for the photo session. Our coverman, Elias, eagerly volunteered to act as a master barber and Scott submitted to his electric

clippers almost lovingly. First he was shorn military style, then prison style, until his blond curls filled the floor. Carried away in his enthusiasm for a job well done, Elias began on Scott's pubic hair and ass. Next came the Barbasol and razor. I had once used alcohol on Elias' shaved body so he naturally insisted on such an aftershave for Scott. It proved effective enough and Elias was delighted.

What to do with that big piece of meat which alternated between hanging down, way down, and standing out a full ten inches in front of the now-smooth belly. I tied a thin leather thong around the big head, doubled the whole thing under and bound the head to the base,

just like the Romans liked to do as an entertainment. They did it to prevent the victim's urinating process. We merely attempted to keep his big piece of meat from getting hard. We then tied it to another thong placed through Scott's nipple rings, drawing it tightly enough to keep him bent over in the middle. Beautiful! We also tried tying it to his big toes as a toe-jack offer, but since it was doubled, it was unlikely it would be producing much of an ejaculation in the near future.

Scott was directed to crawl around the room with his tits attached to his cock and balls, which were attached by thong to his toes. I used this opportunity to warm up that smooth ass with a wide belt. It



CLIP



HIM. SHAVE HIM. SHOW HIM WHO'S BOSS

ROBERT PAYNE / "CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE"

speeded him up a bit but not too much. Either he enjoyed the whipping, which was likely, or one can only go so fast in such a position, which is even more likely.

We put him on a small table that doubled as a block. He was told to show his ass, to stand and get his meat erect, but after being released, it did it on its own.

For those of you into feet, you might notice the soles of Scott's well-shaped feet as he was bent over showing us his ass. Wide, well-shaped and of a good size (to go with that big cock), they really invited a hot wax treatment, preceded by a bit of good old-fashioned Turkish whipping across their bottoms. Here is a place that one doesn't use a wide belt, since the feet have innumerable delicate bones in

their structure and can be harmed by heavy beatings. A whip made up of thongs, similar to one used on the genitals, is perfect to bring the slave completely to do one's bidding. Not that we needed that for Scott, but working with his ankles and toes seemed to increasingly turn him on, using his big erection as a barometer.

We tried our new chromed Fetters shackles on him and, in fact, kept him in them, they seemed like such a part of him. The rest of the session he rattled around the studio in them. But finally we had to come to some conclusion with this farm-boy turned slavestud.

It was then that we decided to put him in an "In Training" shirt and nothing

more (other than his leg shackles) and let him stick around the place for the rest of the day, bare-bottomed, helping with the many things there are to do, what with one thing and another.

Like, for instance, keeping that huge piece of slavemeat standing at attention showing his receptive hole in case our tools also came to attention and had to be relieved.

He was sent out for Cokes and beer and, not being able to go completely naked, we let him put his jeans back on, leaving his shackles still dangling from around his neck to his wrists and down his front. I don't know what they thought in the grocery market on the corner, but it takes something pretty spectacular to

SLAVESHAVING

even raise an eyebrow south of Market in San Francisco. Scott ran back fast, his bare feet rattling with chains. He obediently dropped his pants at the door and stepped out of them. It was nice having a slave around who didn't have to be told.

He opened the cans and handed them around, never once getting an order wrong. I noticed that he opened none for himself. When he came over to me to squat next to my chair, I turned his face upward (not by his hair since there wasn't any) and poured some beer into his immediately open mouth. He would get more later, even if recycled.

But I had work to do, so I led him by the chain from his collar over to a low table, took two long metal pushpins from the tray and attached the rings in his tits to the edge of the top of the table. He knelt with his hands behind his back and that is the way I found him about an hour later when I returned to the room after I had finished whatever I had to do.

There had to be a lot of uses for a piece of slavemeat like this. Anxious to please, anxious to serve, he instinctively knew what was expected of him.

The sight of such a beautiful young fellow, so amenable and so willing, down on his knees, his titrings tied to someone's legs, bringing his head to the most opportune spot, could be a wondrous sight. He knelt by the table we had used for a posing block and layed out that big meat for us to stand on or to just admire.

When it came time to turn the lights off and close the place up, Scott was still there.

"Still haven't had enough, Kid?"

"It was a great day, Sir."

"Maybe we ought to do more? We could make a book of this process of getting a slave shaved and shaped up?"

Scott's eyes lit up. "That's a wonderful idea, Sir."

"Ever read *Care and Training of the Male Slave*?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How would you like to star in the sequel?"

"YES, Sir!"

"Let's get to work, Kid."

□

Mr. Payne wasn't just blowing smoke up the slave's ass. His all new version of *CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE III* is indeed well on its way to being ready as long as the slaves hold out (and up). Since Alternate Publishing did so well on the first version, swingers that they are, they allowed as how they will pop for the sequel. If you are fool enough to buy your copy in advance, you can have a couple of bucks off the outrageous \$10 cover price and they will pop for the postage. Send \$8 to Alternate Publishing, 960 Folsom, San Francisco, CA 94107 and take cold showers for about six weeks from today.





*"Christ, Hawkins, you sure picked
a helluva time to want to be circumcised!"*



*"I've had a request to change
it to 'property of BRUCE'"*

Watershed

*Lone tear of pain
reflects
the candleflame.*

—Auggie Camelli

Once Was Too Often

*It's mine!
S-M-A-C-K
It ached so much,
S-M-A-C-K
For months I couldn't touch it.
S-M-A-C-K
I just touched it once,
S-M-A-C-K
Just once
S-M-A-C-K
It's yours, master.*

—Auggie Camelli



*"Quitchebellsachin' asshole. Nobody said tryin'
out for Mr. Drummer was gonna be a picnic."*



CUTTING THREADS

BY DAVID MAY

He knew what was coming.

The cock moved inside him with deeper earnest, plowing his bowels with machine-like precision, hitting its target with every stroke. The prostate grew tense, eager to explode as the ridge ran against it time after time. He could concentrate only on not coming.

His legs were separated into a V above his head, his ankles suspended in cuffs hanging from the ceiling high above him. His ass cheeks were spread apart by the enormity of the battering ram filling the space between them repeatedly and with increasing momentum. His wrists were cuffed to the wall. His life lay in his Master's hands, as always, helpless.

The machine increased its power.

"Ready, boy?"

"Yes, Master!"

"Then come!"

Two gloved hands reached over the slave's body to his throat, pushing the slave collar up above the adam's apple, and with the same machine-like precision of the fucking pelvis, each turned towards the other before—

"Come, boy! Now!"

The slave ejaculated, coming over the two of them, spraying their bodies with the warmth of his balls as his Master's come emptied itself into his guts, filling the void with semen and sperm that would eventually drip, as it always did, from his battered hole. Both cocks expanded to their maximum size before exploding, bringing them to a joining in space at the climax of their agony and lust... The slave felt himself suspended in space, again, above the darkness, then he was falling into it, into the void that opened within him. He fell further into the darkness, felt it engulfing him. The threads were broken.

By the time they met, Pete had given up on finding a man, the man who could be his Master. Willing bottoms, anxious slaves, were plentiful. A good top he had not found in years. The need to submit was so strong at times that he could feel his guts cry out for the lashes he gave his slaves, his body yearning for the pain he inflicted on others. Where were the men?

The others, the men who had initiated him, trained him as a slave and then as a Master, who had given him his first leathers and taught him the (then) obscure rituals of an underworld, had all disappeared. Now he walked the streets, bars and alleyways asking himself, *What happened to the men? Why are the men so different today?* Pete was not so old—in his mid-thirties—that he felt out of date, nor so foolish as to believe that things wouldn't change with time. He was handsome enough, bearded, well-made; the type that turned a few heads, but seldom noticed them turning. Attractive but not outstanding.

They met at a bar on a night when Pete was meeting two boys of his own. He'd been examining the potential dynamics of two slaves who were already friends, seeking out ways to play them off each other, forming a rift of competition between them. He was looking forward to the scene and had arrived early in order to confront them on their tardiness when they arrived on time. He was waiting for them when Karl came in.

Karl came in wearing his leather like a second skin, not a costume. He took off his jacket with a natural, animal grace, revealing his huge arms and chest covered with fine black fur. His leather pants bulged at the crotch, promising something substantial. His knee-high boots were slick with spit and polish, demanding homage. Each tit carried a gold ring. A tattooed serpent coiled around his left arm, its tail resting on his shoulder, its head poised at attention on the bicep.

He's too perfect, Pete thought. *Why haven't I seen him before?*

Karl stood there, immaculate in his eroticism, staring at Pete. Still unbelieving, Pete approached the man as he would an altar, in reverence and fear. Karl extended a gloved hand to shake Pete's; the serpent moved gracefully over the flexing muscles in Karl's arm. Pete knew then that the man was real.

In moments a collar was around Pete's neck as he kissed the gloved hand of his new Master in gratitude. Then Pete was

groveling, kissing his Master's boots, giving them their due with his lips and tongue. This done, Karl pulled him to his feet, put him on a leash, and handcuffed his wrists behind his back.

"You trust me, slave?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. You'll need to."

Pete was led down Eleventh Street on his leash, passing his own boys who were on their way to meet him. They were dumbfounded, staring first in awe and then in contempt. What had become of their Master, they asked each other, as Karl led the man past them on the street. Pete kept his eyes on the pavement at his feet, saying nothing.

The Room took up the better part of the second floor of what had once been a warehouse. It was equipped with several slings at various angles, mirrors, hanging restraints, a padded vinyl floor like a wrestling mat, a wall covered with hooks from which hung a variety of whips, rats, paddles, clamps and toys. The Room's centerpiece was the table, elegant if menacing, covered with black leather, trimmed with chrome studs, against a brick wall. The wall itself bore several pairs of hooks for restraints. Over the table hung another pair of restraints, their origins lost in the shadows of the high ceiling. At the table's edge was a scoop of molded black leather, a sort of saddle that forced its occupant to lie back on the table with his ass in the air, an offering to be used or ignored. Pete stared at it all in wonder for some time.

"Yeah," said Karl, answering an unasked question, "I used to have parties a lot, so all this stuff was getting used. Not so much now, though."

Pete nodded, then stared at the floor in response, waiting.

"Is your hole clean, boy?"

"No, Sir." Pete kept his eyes locked on his feet. He was humiliated already by his lack of preparedness.

"Why not, shithead?" Karl's bark cut into him; he trembled like a novice. There was a slap to the side of his head. "Answer me, fuck-up!"

"Yes, Sir, I'm sorry, Sir. I wasn't planning, Sir. I didn't know I'd be serving you, Sir."

Karl's gloved hand stroked Pete's head as one might a child's. His voice was quiet, even gentle. "That sounds reasonable, boy, but in the future—from now on—"

The voice became colder: "You are to have a clean asshole." The tone was steelier: "At all times." And then the voice was like ice. "Do you understand me, boy?"

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Master."

"But since you have a dirty hole, we'll clean it together." The voice was gentle again, the hand stroking Pete's head.

"Thank you, Sir."

Karl led Pete to a laundry tub and proceeded with the enema, his voice laced with paternal concern as he said, "You can hold more for Daddy, can't you, boy? Just a little more water..."

On the third bag, his guts full of water, Pete found himself kneeling in the tub, his ass in the air, and his hands still handcuffed behind him. Karl's voice lost its warmth as he said, "Don't lose a drop, boy." With the last word a strap cut the air and lashed over Pete's bare flesh. Pete had no idea how many times the strap was wrapped around his ass cheeks; he concentrated only on holding his position, on retaining the water filling his intestines.

When Karl was satisfied with the condition and color of Pete's ass, he commanded Pete to squat in the tub, releasing his water. "Everything, boy. Now!" Pete obeyed. "That's a good boy. A good beginning."

Later, Pete stood silently in the center of the room, waiting, shivering naked in the chill of the darkened room. After what seemed like an eternity he heard his Master's steps behind him. A voice came out of the shadows.

"Boy."

"Yes, Sir."

"Turn around, slowly."

"Yes, Sir."

Obedient, he faced the man again, the same powerful figure

glistening with his own sweat, but with the addition of a black leather executioner's hood. The hood only accentuated the sensuality of the mouth, beard and eyes. It made the man seem even more like some dark god to worship.

"Do you like what you see, slave?"

"Yes, Master."

"On your knees."

Pete crawled as commanded to his Master. The leash and handcuffs were replaced.

"Take off the codpiece."

Pete leaned forward and with his teeth unsnapped the leather triangle from Karl's pants, firmly but gently, so as not in any way to graze against his Master's cock, the cock which now hung before him, swinging into his face, fat and bulbous at the head, as long as the throat that would engulf it.

Both gloved hands were on the back of the slave's head. The command: "Open, fuckface." A brief second to aim and a single plunge. Pete was choking, fighting for air. He began to struggle against the two hands holding his head to his Master's groin. It was useless; Karl's need for an orgasm was stronger than Pete's for air. Karl said nothing, only grunted from within his own animal center, pushing his cock in and out of Pete's throat with increasing force. Pete began to black out as he felt the cockhead swell in his throat, then explode and fill him with come, hot and salty, coating his esophagus with slime.

Karl leaned down to kiss his slave, his mouth open wide as if to eat Pete's whole mouth, tongue and teeth: a cannibal's kiss. He kissed him deeply and long. And as he kissed him, Pete felt himself restored, renewed in strength.

"And?"

"Thank you, Sir."

Karl led Pete to a pair of hanging restraints. Both wrists were secured over his head. Then both ankles were secured to hooks on the floor. Karl said nothing as he fastened his slave into place. On the table he laid out his paddles, whips and crops. Japanese clamps were fastened to Pete's pierced nipples. A parachute was attached to his balls. Weights were hooked onto both of these. Pete stole glances at Karl's face, which remained quietly preoccupied, not unlike a craftsman so used to his work that his hands go quickly and naturally about their tasks without wasted effort or thought. Karl moved behind Pete and inserted a greased ball bearing into Pete's rectum. Pete heard a sigh of approval.

"You're not to lose that, boy. You're to keep it there until told to release it."

"Yes, Sir."

"I'm starting you with ten pounds. You'll learn to hold more."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

More weight was added to Pete's testicles. Pete held his breath to keep from moaning.

"And?"

"Thank you, Sir."

Karl pulled on the chain joining the tit clamps.

"Always remember to say 'Thank you,' slave."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

"It's only polite."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

Pete managed to speak only through pained gasps for breath. His face twisted into a grimace from the discomfort he felt in all his extremities, pulled in all directions.

Karl left him alone for several minutes. When he returned again out of the shadows of the cavernous room, his high boots echoed coldly with each step. He approached from behind. A blindfold was placed over the slave's eyes. A strap cracked against his ass cheeks.

"Thank you, Sir."

"Good boy."

A gloved hand gently stroked the tender buttocks. A pause before a riding crop was gently stroking the cheeks, caressing them.

"I want to take you where you've never been before, boy. That will take time. You'll first have to trust me."

"Yes, Sir."



"You'll have to believe in me, believe that I know what I'm doing, that I'll never hurt you... permanently. Can you do that?"

Pete listened as closely as he could, but felt already as if he were elsewhere, suspended between earth and sky by the threads that seemed to tug at his tits, balls, ass, wrists, ankles; threads that might snap and let him fall to an inconclusive end. But even as he looked out with open eyes into the darkness that was behind the blindfold, he knew the answer.

"Yes, Sir." And he realized that there was no alternative. He was at the man's mercy—no one knew where he was.

"You're sure?" The riding crop continued its gentle stroking up and down along the spine.

Another pause before Pete answered again, more certain than before. "Yes, Sir." Now he knew, or had decided he knew, that he was dreaming.

The riding crop began its slow dance on the ass cheeks, moving softly over the furry mounds, quietly at first, slowly building to the first crescendo. The power and pace of the crop's kisses were methodically increased. Pete's sinewy arms and legs strained at their manacles as he continued to feel suspended in the air, felt himself writhe in space, found himself lost deep within himself, lost in a maze of his own making. The crop's tongue bit deeper into the flesh along the whole of his backside. He remained a viewer to the ritual, detached.

The crop was replaced with a cat-o'-nine tails that sliced still further into his consciousness. He felt his mind a latticework, a series of fibers spaced with perfect symmetry allowing for single shafts of illumination within. With each stroke of the cat the spaces enlarged and the light increased, until it seemed that there mustn't be any space left unilluminated. But as he looked within the depths behind his blindfold he saw that it was still dark, still in need of the cat's many tails lashing it to clarity. In time he hardly felt the cat's strokes, then not at all...

Time passed and Pete found himself again touching ground, returning to the world and feeling the many threads pulling him in all directions. He also felt his Master's arms around him and the man's bearded mouth on his in a kiss that was deep and passionate. (Passion, he would later remind himself, meant pain.) He would have to thank the man for this kiss, he remembered. But before he could say anything, two gloved hands were around his throat and all the threads that held him were released. His lips no longer felt his Master's lips, though he knew that Karl was there, still kissing him. He felt himself falling into a void, falling faster into what he knew was bottomless. No, he remembered, *I need to thank him for the kiss.*

What was already black became blacker and enclosed him: *I must remember—*

He was awake now in the stranger's bed. Karl's two great arms were wrapped around him. Pete's whole body felt stiff with welts and bruises. As he opened his eyes and looked around the room, he had the nagging feeling that he'd forgotten something. He tried to stretch and found his ankles were in restraints. From where he lay he could see a large basket at the foot of the bed, a bed for a very large pet, a slave. Pete wondered why he wasn't in it.

The room was as large as the other Room, the same high ceilings and spartan decor. A stack of yellowing newspapers sat neatly near the door. An assortment of leather goods had been thrown casually over a chair in a far corner.

Karl stirred next to him.

"Awake, boy?"

Pete touched the collar still secured around his neck. It hadn't been a dream.

"Yes, Sir. Good morning, Sir."

"Good morning, boy."

A hand cupped his anus.

"All right, boy, release the ball bearing."

Pete had kept the ball bearing in his tightly clenched asshole all night, even in his sleep. It was only with a great effort that he was able to relax the sphincter and release the weight into Karl's

waiting hand.

"Good boy."

Karl took the ball bearing and replaced it with a finger.

"You're such a good boy, Daddy's going to fuck your brains out."

The finger was gone and Karl's massive cock pressed against the hole. Pete screamed as the shaft hit its mark with one long hard stroke that touched bottom. Karl's arms wrapped tight around the slave, holding him in place as the huge cock sought out again and again the last interiors of Pete's bowels.

"That's my boy. Be a big boy for Daddy and take his dick. Take Daddy's dick."

Pete felt the tears welling in his eyes as he bit the pillow and concentrated only on relaxing the muscles he had kept tight all through his sleep. After several minutes he began to feel the stirrings of pleasure inside him. His prostate hardened. His cock moved against the mattress with each pounding stroke of Karl's cock.

"My boy likes it, doesn't he? He likes Daddy's dick."

"Yes, Daddy, yes... Oh!"

Pete came. He came shooting his load over pillows and sheets, over his chest. His body tensed like one in the last throes of death. Karl's cock stopped moving. Pete felt calm and safe, he began to relax into the warmth of the afterglow when a cold voice cut it in two.

"Did I say you could come, boy?"

"No, Sir. I—"

He was flung over onto his stomach, Karl's dick still inside of him. A cat-o'-nine tails appeared in Karl's hand.

"Then why did you come, fuckface?"

Lashes cut into his already raw and tender backside.

"I couldn't help it! Please, Sir!"

The lashes continued.

"You will not come again without permission! Is that understood, boy?"

Another stroke.

"Yes, Master! Please forgive me, Sir." A lash. "PLEASE, SIR!"

Suddenly it was over and Karl was lying down with his full weight on Pete's raw, bleeding back, pumping away at the hole as if nothing had happened. One gloved hand slowly closed over Pete's mouth and nostrils...

At first Karl did not want Pete to leave.

"If you go, it is without my consent."

"Please, Sir, I have responsibilities, a job, friends..."

"Those should have been forsaken when you wore my collar."

"That was not made explicit, Sir."

"It was implicit, then, and you knew—"

Pete gave up trying to reason.

"Karl, come on—"

A back-hand sent Pete flying across the floor. He slowly pulled himself to his feet. Blood trickled out the corner of his mouth. He could only stare at the naked man in boots and gloves standing between him and the door.

"Crawl to me on your stomach, kiss the underside of my boot and beg my forgiveness, boy."

Pete did as he was told.

"Please forgive my disrespect, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir. I know I'm a worthless slave, Sir. It won't happen again, Sir."

"No, not worthless. Disobedient but not worthless." Karl pulled Pete up to his feet and held him.

"You may leave and come back to me next Friday promptly at seven p.m. You will continue wearing my collar during the week. If you take it off I'll know it, and you will be severely punished. During this time you will decide whether or not you wish to continue being my slave. If you decide to continue, as I expect you will, you will not return to the outside except as I see fit. Do you understand me, boy?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Any questions?"

"What if I need to call you, Sir?"

"I'll call you."

Pete wondered if Karl even had a phone. He'd neither heard nor seen one during the three days he's spent with his Master.

"Yes, Sir."

"Now put on your clothes and get out of here before I change my mind."

"Yes, Sir."

Karl left the room.

When Pete stepped out into the fading sunlight he spent several aimless minutes wandering before he was reacquainted with his surroundings. Finally he found a landmark, and from there his way home. In the three days with Bill he'd forgotten so much: how to live, where he lived, his job, friends.

Pete wondered at what had happened to him. His body was a mass of welts and raw edges. With each step, each minor re-adjustment of his body weight as he walked, he was painfully reminded of the weekend's occurrences. He was content in his discomfort, in wincing with every movement, and he relished his pain as if it were a precious gift. Possessing it made him feel closer to his Master.

He'd been taken out on a leash the night before, and knew that he could have left then if he had really wanted to; and knowing that he did not escape then meant that he was born only to serve, only to be as his Master commanded. It had seemed very natural to be used as a footstool in a public place, to be a dog tethered to a bar stool. Only now, as he re-experienced everyday life again, did any of this seem out of place to him; or, as he would soon come to see it, the world seemed out of place with him.

Friends called, some desperate to know where he'd been all weekend, others angry over broken engagements. He was evasive with everyone, telling no tales of where he'd been or why he could not see his friends now. He was unsure of this himself. He felt now only the need to wait for his Master's call. And he did not want to explain the need to others, nor the stiffness in his body, nor the bruises at his throat.

At the office the collar was hidden beneath a coat and tie. At home he stayed naked and fingered the lock that hung at his throat. He never touched his cock.

On Wednesday the phone rang. Pete knew who it was on the first ring. His heartbeat raced.

"Boy."

"Yes, Sir."

"Whose boy are you?"

"Yours, Sir."

"Friday."

"Yes, Sir."

Then the click of a phone hitting its cradle.

Exhausted by only this brief exchange, he lay down on the floor where he now slept wrapped in a blanket. He was also ecstatic: he had heard his Master's voice.

Then the next night, just as he was falling asleep, the phone rang again. He knew who it was.

"Boy."

"Yes, Sir."

"Whose fuckhole are you?"

"Yours, Sir."

"Tomorrow, boy."

"Yes, Sir."

"Go to sleep now, boy."

"Yes, Sir."

And the line went dead.

Pete was at work Friday afternoon when the phone rang. His voice trembled as he answered it.

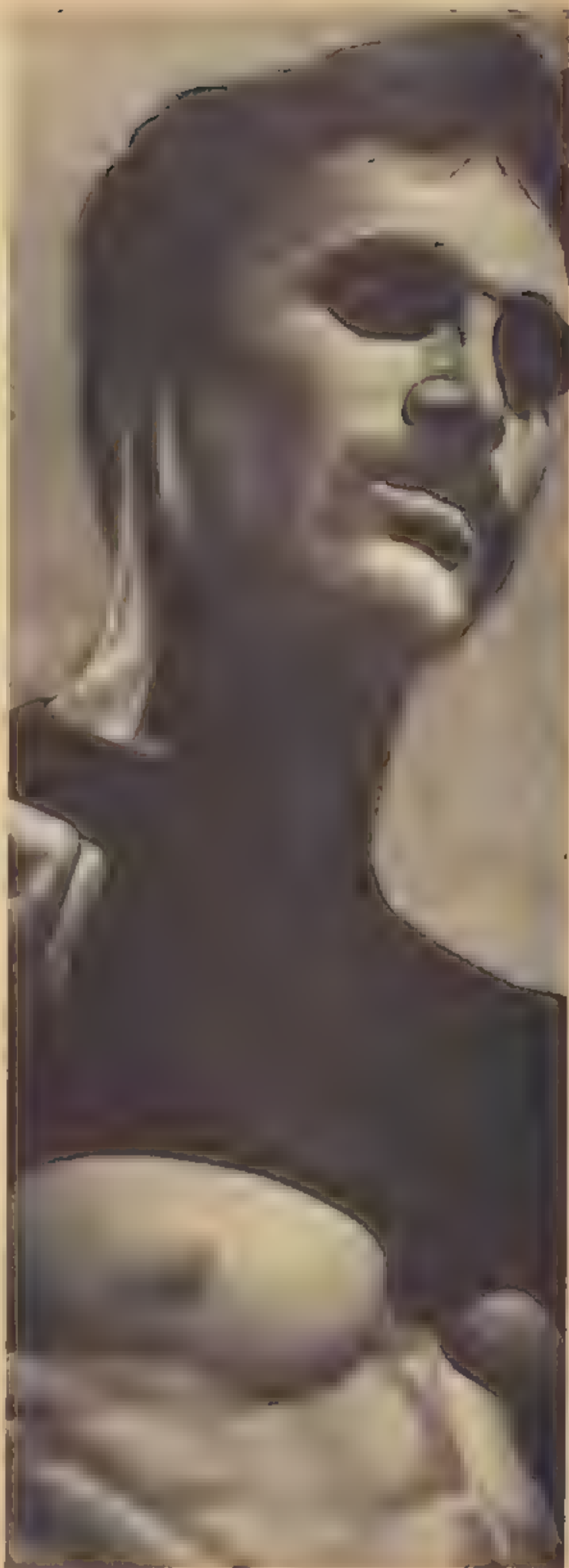
"Boy."

"Yes, Sir."

"A clean asshole, boy."

"Yes, Sir."

"At seven o'clock."



A woman at a neighboring desk looked only puzzled "VIP?" she asked

On Friday evening, as he walked down Bill's narrow street, it occurred to Pete that he'd never given the man his phone number—neither at home nor at work. Or at least, not that he could recall . . .

"You're a Master in your own right, aren't you, boy?"

Pete hesitated and decided on the truth: "Yes, Master."

One gloved hand touched his bowed head softly. Pete leaned his face against his Master's thigh.

"I knew you'd have to be a Master, too, or there'd be no point in training you."

"Sir?"

"You don't understand me do you, boy?"

"No, Master."

"You will in time."

"Thank you, Sir."

Karl led Pete down the hall on his leash. Pete moved naked and on all fours at his Master's feet. He'd only just been trained to heel the night before.

"You'd like to know more wouldn't you, boy?"

"Yes, Sir."

Karl opened the door and led the slave outside into an unkept yard. Pete was led to a spot where newspapers had been spread out on the ground and held down with discarded bricks. With no hesitation, or even an order, Pete scrambled onto the newspapers, squatted, took a shit and pissed.

"Done, boy? Good dog!"

Pete scrambled back to his Master's feet.

"Boy, you're being trained to serve me in a very specific way. This particular service will take place only once, and when it is done you will be freed from servitude forever. Even though you'll be free to go your way, slave, the ramifications of this service—what it will mean for you when you have performed it—could be devastating to the unprepared. You will be a different individual entirely. You will be more like me. In fact, you'll become me."

Karl spoke matter-of-factly, without bravado or pretense to anything overly serious. But it was this casualness of tone that demanded attention.

Karl led the slave back inside to where an old laundry tub sat waiting. Pete jumped in at once.

"Good, boy," said Karl, "Time to wash the dog."

That night Pete slept in the basket at the foot of the bed. Because he'd been such a good dog he was allowed to walk on two legs the next day, though he was reminded that his position in life had not changed, he was still to heel on a leash and to eat out of a dish on the floor.

"And today you may use the toilet, though not the toilet seat, providing you have been given permission."

"Thank you, Sir."

"By the way, don't you think you should clean up your shit in the backyard?"

"Yes, Sir."

"NOW!"

"Yes, Sir!"

Pete was at once obedient. He was the sort of slave he'd once longed for himself. Good slaves like me, he thought, clearing away the soiled newspapers, are hard to come by—not the pushy kind.

"But, Master, you said I could stay! Please let me stay, Sir!" Pete laid his cheek on Karl's boot, the one spontaneous display of affection now allowed him. "Please don't make me go, Master."

Karl sat in his chair, his legs stretched out in front of him. He pulled his boot out from under Pete's face and rested it on the slave's back.

"What I said, slave, was that you would not leave again unless I

wished it. I wish it. I am leaving your collar on you, so there is no need to worry. I will not argue. If you persist I will remove the collar and throw you out on your worthless slave's ass. Am I being clear enough for you, boy?"

"Yes, Master."

"Now, because you have angered me, you will be punished."

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Sir."

Karl stood up, his riding crop in his hand.

"Count, fuck-up."

A crop-stroke sliced the air into Pete's ass.

"One, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

Each stroke followed the next with little pause. Old bruises grew bigger. Healing cuts from crueler whips broke open. Blood trickled down his spine and dripped to his scrotum and down his legs. Twenty strokes.

"You disappointed me, boy, but you took your punishment well. You'll go home now and await further orders."

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Master. I'm sorry, Master."

"I know, slave."

There was no tenderness expressed, no gentle touch or reassuring word. He threw the slave's clothes next to him on the floor.

"Now get out."

Pete heard Karl's steps as he left the room. In only a few moments he was dressed and gone.

As the weeks passed, the whippings became more intense. The weights that were suspended from his nipples and balls and inserted up his hole were also increased. Each time Pete was fucked, Karl became more brutal. But Pete could only feel more content, less anxious, as time went on. Like a bodybuilder he adjusted to pain, or at least learned to be unaware of it. He took pride in his pain, in the deep purple bruises covering his body, marking his neck.

Each climax found him choking for air, and then coming to consciousness in Karl's arms, covered with his own come. It was always timed perfectly. And each time he woke up to Karl's voice saying, "It's alright, baby, Daddy brought you back." Then Karl would kiss him deeply and Pete would feel the kiss restore him, fill him up with what had just been drained from him.

The humiliations increased. Pete would never know if he was to walk on all fours or upright like a man, if he'd sit at the table or eat off the floor out of a dog dish, if he'd be taken for a walk with or without his leash, or if he'd be called to service his Master at any time during the week. Pete would sit by his phone waiting, cutting conversations short with those few friends who still called him. "Pete," they'd say, "what's become of you?" Pete remained evasive. He wanted no one to know about Karl; being with his Master was a joy too precious to be shared.

This is what it means to submit, he'd say to himself, to be a slave absolutely. This is it.

He never knew Karl's phone number, but wouldn't have called him even if he had to for fear of displeasing his Master by such presumptuousness. When he wasn't called to serve his Master, Pete found the agony of separation a joy, a new pain to relish, another way to serve his Master. He was happy to think his suffering would bring his Master pleasure, and so he wallowed in it, wept and wondered only when (not if, for his faith in Karl was now complete) he'd be granted the privilege to kiss his Master's boots again.

After two such long and agonizing weeks, Pete received a call on Tuesday morning while he was at work.

"You're having dinner with me, slave."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Be there at eight. Coat and tie." And an address on Chestnut Street.

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

No goodbye, only the heavy click of the other phone.

Pete was prompt, arriving just as Karl was pulling up in a taxi. Karl extended his hand with a jovial smile and asked in a loud voice, "How's the boy?"

Pete took the hand offered him. He felt stunned at the apparent familiarity. "Fine," he answered, and felt Karl's hand squeeze his to the point of causing pain until he added, "Sir." Karl's smile remained intact. "Glad to hear it—boy."

Pete felt himself completely off-balance. They were seated at once. He waited for Karl to sit first and motion that he sit in a chair as well. He was startled and unsure of himself for the first time in all these months he'd spent in living only to serve his Master.

"You'll have the filet mignon rare, boy."

"Thank you, Sir."

Karl ordered for both, poured the wine.

When dinner was served, Pete squelched the impulse to eat his dinner without permission. He stared quietly at the table just beyond his plate, waiting and wondering if he dared ask, "May I—?" He decided against it; it was presumptuous, distrustful. After several long minutes Karl said, "Eat, boy."

"Thank you, Sir." Pete ate contentedly, he had passed another test.

When the check arrived, Pete offered to pay for his dinner. Karl looked at him angrily, signed the check and walked out without a word. Pete followed him outside. A summer mist had settled over the city.

"Sir?"

"How dare you?"

"Sir?" Pete did not understand.

"Whose boy are you?" Karl spoke very loudly. They were in front of the restaurant. People passed them on the street.

"Yours, Sir."

"Don't you think that your Master will take care of you?"

"Sir, I only—"

The back of Karl's left hand met the right side of Pete's face. In seconds there was blood in his mouth.

"I'm sorry, Sir. Please forgive me, Sir."

Karl extended a clenched fist. Pete flinched.

"Kiss your Master's hand and beg forgiveness."

Pete obeyed, holding Karl's gloved fist in both of his hands.

"Please, Sir, forgive me, Sir, Please."

"Very well, slave, you're forgiven."

"Thank you, Sir."

The fist was pulled suddenly away. Pete looked up from where he knelt on the sidewalk to see Karl vanish into a cab, calling out as he shut the door: "Friday, boy."

"Yes, Sir!"

Pete got up off of his knees, shirking off the stares of those who had stopped to watch the spectacle, murmuring their shock and recognition. He walked home in the damp and cold; this would be his own self-imposed punishment.

It went on for months.

"You've gone where no one else can take you."

"Yes, Sir."

"And I bring you back again, don't I, boy?"

"Yes, Master."

"You trust me to know that I always will!"

Pete lifted his eyes up toward his Master's face without permission. Tears gathered in the corners of his eyes. "Yes, Master!" He was offended that the question even needed to be asked. He was also worried that his Master might even doubt him. He bowed his head to his knees, his hands cuffed behind his back, Karl's booted feet resting on his shoulders.

"Kiss your Master's hand."

Each time he served his Master, Pete found himself in space again, suspended by the invisible threads at his ankles, wrists, neck, tits, cock, balls, navel, asshole. The threads, he came to realize, never broke, but were only released. Each time he'd fall from space into the blackness, plunge into the nameless ocean inside of himself and re-emerge in Karl's arms again, panting like a swimmer and being kissed.

He was taken out for walks on a leash more frequently, and to places other than Folsom Street. First to Polk Street, crossing

Market Street along Van Ness, then to the Castro on a Sunday afternoon. On a holiday weekend he was sent to a supermarket across town in a tank shirt and a slave collar. Pete knew that people from his office might and did see him as he executed his errands, but he cared less and less what others thought. Serving his Master was the only thing that mattered.

On another night, in coat and tie once more, Karl put Pete in handcuffs and attached a leash to him as they strolled down Union Street. During this walk intended to humiliate him the only thought in Pete's mind was a fervent hope that he be allowed to lick Bill's shoes in a well-lit place for everyone to see.

Seasons changed. The rains came. Friends who had given up hope of getting in touch with Pete during the summer tried again. No, Pete would say again and again. *I can't see you; too busy.* Inevitably, they were offended. Soon no one called but Karl, and Pete was happier because now he could answer the phone at once with "Yes, Sir!" everytime.

Karl was sitting in his chair in full regalia, encased in his leathers. They had just returned from a walk on lower Market Street. The leash was still in his hand. Pete sat on the floor, nestled between his Master's legs, his head resting on Bill's knee, as a dog would. It was a Sunday evening and Pete didn't want to leave yet. He hoped that he wouldn't have to, that Karl would give him permission to stay longer as he had on rare occasions before, though Pete didn't dare ask.

"You will not see me for a month, slave."

"Master?" He hoped Karl was only being cruel.

"A month."

"Sir, have I—"

"No, you have not displeased me, boy."

Pete said nothing now. He waited. Minutes passed in silence.

"Boy, I have a special task for you."

"Yes, Sir?" Pete's eyes brightened. His head lifted slightly.

"You are to be a Master again."

"Sir?"

"I am going to give you your freedom for a month. In four weeks exactly it will have been a year since I put my collar on you."

Pete nuzzled his Master's legs like an affectionate pet. "Yes, master."

"On that day you will come back to me and perform one last task. You may choose not to carry out this last service, but I expect that you will take it on with the same pleasure with which you've performed every other task I've put before you."

"Yes, Sir." Pete was amazed to even imagine disobedience. It was beyond him now.

Karl stroked his head.

"When you have finished, you will be changed, you will be like me. In fact, you'll become me in some ways. And this," he waved around the cavernous room with his gloved hand, "will all be yours."

"Sir?"

"You don't understand me yet? I can't put it any more simply. You will understand me, though, in time."

A moment's silence, then: "Sir? May I ask you a question?"

"Boy?"

"If I'm to be a Master, where will I find a slave?"

"He'll find you as you found me."

"Yes, Master." He was still puzzled.

A half hour was passed in silence.

"Boy."

"Yes, Master."

"You know I love you."

These were words Pete had longed to hear, as a dog looks for praise. Now that he had heard the words he didn't know what to say or do, so he licked his Master's gloved hand instead. Karl fondly caressed Pete's head.

"I know you love me, too, boy, and that's why you'll do as I ask in four weeks. But for now."

Karl got up from his chair and knelt on one knee. With one hand he held Pete's head as he kissed him deeply, caressing and

exploring each part of Pete's mouth with his tongue, as if for the last time. With his other hand Karl removed the collar and layed it aside.

"All right, Peter, it's time to go."

The phone rang the next day.

Pete jumped out of his chair and stared blankly at the phone. He knew it wasn't Karl. Who else would call him now, when no one had called him in months?

"He lo?"

"Pete."

"Yeah."

"This is Jim. How've you been?"

Pete knew several Jims, but was able to place this one at once: blond, a little young but handsome, eager to please. Pete had shaved him once. A good submissive.

"Just fine. How's the buns?"

"They need a good licking, Pete. I tried calling you before, but you were never home."

"Been busy, but... this Friday?"

"Okay."

"What?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Better. I'll send you your orders."

"Yes, Sir! Thank you, Sir!"

"And, boy—"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Better keep the whole weekend free."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

Pete hung up the phone without saying goodbye.

He looked at himself in the mirror and saw it, saw what had been missing for so long: the glint in the eyes that said "Master." He took off his clothes to examine himself. The old bruises, welts and abrasions were healing rapidly. They'd never healed so quickly before, and he was certain that Karl had been no easier on him during their last few days together. He was puzzled by this; but in the last eleven months he learned to accept a great deal that he didn't understand without question. This new oddity, the sudden healing of old wounds, was just one more to take in stride.

He put on his leathers. They fit better than he remembered. He found his toys in the chest he had put aside eleven months ago. The power stirred inside him once again. His cock hardened beneath the leather. He stood before the mirror, pulled out his cock and slowly stroked it with one gloved hand. The other gloved hand played with each pierced nipple in turn. He stared at his reflection and came like a geyser, covering the glass with come.

They were in The Cell. Pete had been away a year and had been missed. Other regulars wanted to know where he'd been hiding. Pete continued to be evasive.

Jim was counting the strokes of the cat-o'-nine-tails as it kissed his ass cheeks.

"Twenty-two, Sir! Thank you, Sir!"

The knotted ends of each tail dug into the slave's flesh. Jim's body screamed for release. But Jim held on; he needed it, all of it, all that Pete had to give him, whatever that might be.

After the fortieth lash, Pete stopped to examine his handiwork with cold detachment, feeling the heat from the hot, raw flesh



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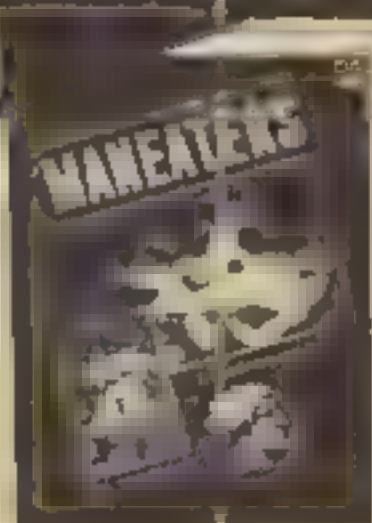
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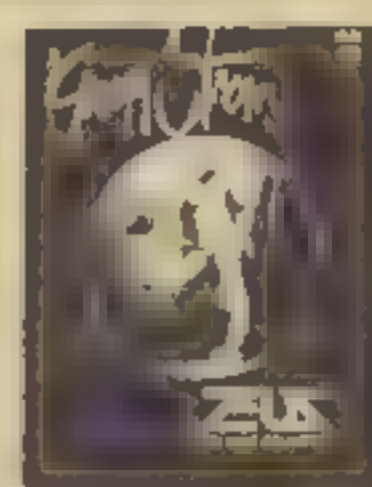
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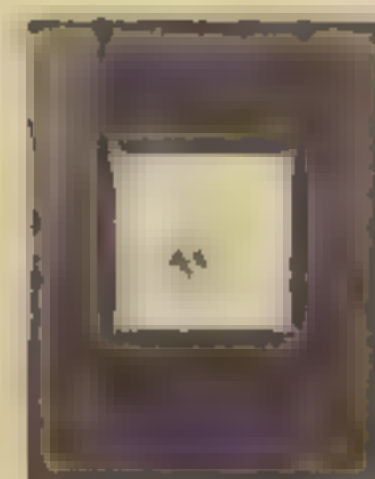


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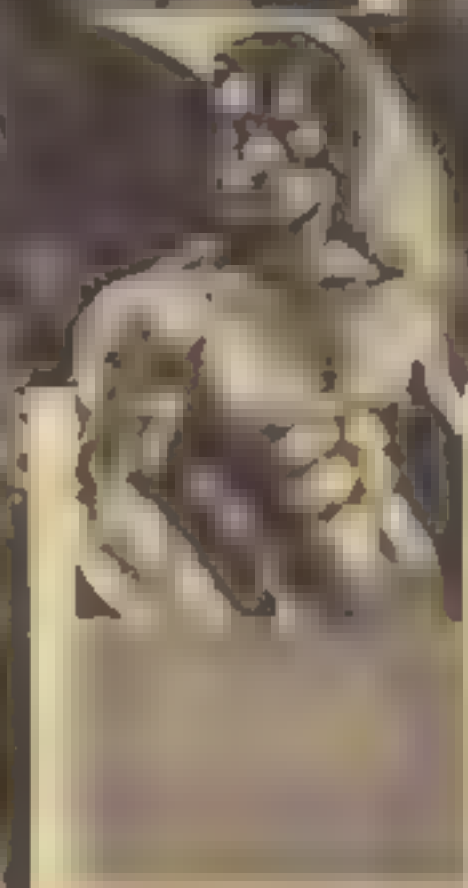
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through his gloves. Jim's breath came out in long hisses through his teeth.

He's almost there, Pete thought. Then aloud, "All right, boy, you're ready now."

Jim could only mumble, "Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir." He was near collapse, his hands suspended over his head, holding too much of his weight.

Very gently, Pete released his hands, rubbed life back into them, and half-carried Jim to a mattress. The surrounding crowd followed them and then dispersed as Jim was laid down, each thinking that the show was over, each stroking his cock and wishing that he was in Jim's place. Pete held him gently in his arms, murmuring endearments, being Daddy to the frightened child.

"All right, baby, Daddy's here. Daddy will make it better."

Pete watched Jim's face intently for signs of readiness. It would have to be timed just right, take place while Jim was still suspended in space. He watched in The Cell's half-light, listened to his slave's breathing beneath the noise of the over-amplified music. Then the moment arrived; Pete could taste it.

He rolled Jim over on his stomach, covering Jim's body with his own. He positioned himself quickly and with one stroke was inside him. Jim screamed at the sudden assault, screamed at the pain, but didn't resist. The screams were only lost in the shadows and the bass of the music. Pete pumped furiously, as enraged in his own pleasure as an animal, lost in the ecstasy or regaining his power, in the sensations in his groin. He came to a new understanding, a deeper passion he hadn't thought possible.

Jim's screaming turned to whimpers, then to moans. Pleasure untied the slave's prostate, built up inside him. His cock stirred beneath him, squashed against the mattress. Each of Pete's arms were circled around Jim's. Then one gloved hand closed over Jim's face, over his mouth and nostrils. The other held his throat. Jim felt himself falling as the pace quickened in his fuckhole, as the cock inside of him began to swell, as his own cock began to squirt come. He fell faster, deeper into the void that opened beneath him, inside him. Pete's breathing reached a climax in Jim's right ear as the body on top went into its final thrashings. Jim felt the chasm close in around him.

Pete wondered if he'd gone too far. Even in the shadows of The Cell he could see how ashen Jim's face was. The breathing was alternately shallow and deep, as if the lungs were bruised and recovering their strength. Jim stirred and opened his eyes. Pete kissed him gently, then deeply as the slave looked about in wonder.

"You're back, baby. Daddy brought you back."

A hoarse voice whispered, "Thank you, Sir." Another, stronger kiss and a clearer voice repeated, "Thank you, Sir."

Pete felt yet another surge of power inside of him, new and wonderful. He was in awe of himself.

Karl didn't call. The fourth Sunday arrived and he still hadn't called. Pete had not been sure that Karl would call, but he had hoped to hear from the man, to tell him what had happened. Even with the rediscovery of his own masterfulness, he felt that a part of him was missing, the part held aloft by taut, invisible threads above the void. Excited as he became each time he led Jim to that same place, the dark center inside, Pete also envied his slave, and wished that he could go there too. Even if it was just for one last time, even if the threads might break.

On Saturday, the night before, he had sent Jim away. Jim was dismayed, terrified that he was being rejected by his first real Master, the first man to make him feel he belonged, as a dog feels he belongs. Seeing the pain in his slave's eyes, Pete allowed him, by way of reassurance, to continue wearing the collar through the week and gave him orders to be available to be ready for immediate use. "Keep your hole clean, boy." Jim had kissed Pete's boot in gratitude.

On Sunday Pete walked to Karl's house. He almost got lost, forgetting the alleyway. He was wearing his leather and enjoying the sound of his boots clicking on the pavement and echoing

against the walls of the alleyway. Again he lost himself, walking several feet past the door before realizing it. He backtracked to Karl's door and found it ajar.

Everything was in impeccable order. It had the air of a house cleaned for inspection. No lights were on except upstairs in the Room. He called out Karl's name; there was no answer.

At the top of the stairs he found a slave collar, unlocked. He held it in his hand and called out again. No answer. He followed the light into the Room. He found Karl kneeling on the floor under a single light, naked, his head bowed, his hands behind his back.

Karl?

Yes, Sir?

"Look at me."

Karl obeyed. "Sir?"

Not understanding but knowing by instinct, Pete stepped up to his former Master and secured the collar tightly around the man's neck.

"Doesn't that feel better, boy?"

"It feels right, Sir."

Pete kicked him in the side and sent him sprawling on the floor.

"Is this what you wanted all along? Why didn't you tell me, fuckhead?"

"Sir, I had to show you first, Sir, show you where I needed to go, Sir."

Another kick in the side.

"So you took me there and made me like it, pig?"

"Yes, Master. Please, Sir, I hope you'll take me there now, Sir."

His eyes pleaded more than his words. Pete was touched and spoke gently now.

"You want to feel yourself fall from where you were, boy?"

"Yes, Sir."

"To feel suspended in space and then to find yourself falling inside your own soul?"

"Yes, Master! PLEASE, MASTER!" His eyes pleaded up to Pete like a dumb animal's for food.

"You're ready to let me hold the threads, to trust me to bring you back?"

No answer. Karl stared at the floor where he lay sprawled before his Master. Pete kicked him in the chest.

"I asked you a question, shit!"

"Master, please—"

"Speak up, fuck-up."

"I—I don't want you to hold on, Sir."

"No?"

Pete didn't understand and wasn't sure that he wanted to understand.

"Don't bring me back, Sir, let me fall."

Pete understood. His voice was even. He spoke as if to empty space. "Cut the threads entirely and let you fall into the void." He looked down on the collared man groveling at his feet.

"Yes, Sir. Please, Sir."

Pete looked around the Room.

"And all this?"

"Yours, Sir."

"Whose was it before?"

"My Master's, Sir."

"And before him?"

"His Master's, Sir."

Pete understood again. While he would wonder where and when this had all begun, and when—or if—it would ever end, he also knew that there was no escape, even if he wanted to escape. He was, if not caught in the web, then drawn to it by instinct, by intuition, by his own inner longings. This was it.

He examined the man for some time as he lay trembling on the floor, eager and afraid with anticipation. Yes, he said to himself, *this is it*. The only escape would be to follow Karl, to fall free of the web into the darkness, to cut the threads that had held him all his life. He envied Karl.

He pushed one booted foot into the slave's face.

Kiss it," said Pete. "Kiss you Master's boot..."

□

URBAN ABORIGINALS Continued from page 16

or pronounced role-play exist, only one or a few animals can hope to become dominant.⁷ Expressed in another way, only a few individuals can hope to achieve happiness through a position of dominance. It seems unlikely that any society of social animals could peaceably survive were absolute dominance the only manner of finding satisfaction. Large numbers of irritated and frustrated individuals could very well bring an end to social stability. Stability and group survival would indeed be helped if most individuals were of the capacity to function as either dominant or submissive, and to receive some form of euphoric pay-off from either role. Mice, subjected to repeated social defeats in encounters with more dominant mice, show evidence of strongly elevated opioid levels.⁸ Could it be that these opioids are also mitigating the psychology of loss with a sense of contentment? It is also intriguing that in the expression of dominance among many primates, the submissive animal grooms the dominant. Such play is often relaxed and euphoric. Grooming behavior has also been associated with opioid release in laboratory animals.

Such observations in primates and in rodents by no means assures their applicability to human behavior. Nor does it mean that all forms of submissive role-play or social defeat generate some form of mental euphoria. (The links between heightened opioid levels and feelings of happiness are still only suggestive.) It also seems reasonable to assume that there may be limits to this process—on when, how and in what situations it could take place. In some causes and between some individuals, however, given the correct psychological condition, mental rewards may be equally plausible from both submissive and dominant behaviors. The roughly egalitarian situation of leatherplay may be just such a case. Here, there is an openness towards and a play upon instinctive capacities while other pretenses have been pushed aside.

Role-playing, sociobiologists argue, is a refined form of social dominance behavior. Among primates, and especially the higher monkeys, the strict patterns of dominance so often found in other species are commonly replaced with more flexible and equal arrangements. The rigidity of top-boss and the pecking order beneath becomes unproductive. Rather, the members of a tribe interact as groups and in a variety of distinctive roles, social and economic. According to this hypothesis, the adoption of roles thus acts to mitigate some of the social tensions that can accrue from dominance expression. Individuals, whether or not they are in positions of status, are able to gain a sense of importance from the roles they undertake. Not only does the role bring certain protections from the outright expression of dominance, the products of a role can be exchanged for security and to the purposes of group survival. And while the larger, social struggle for dominance is somewhat subdued by role-play, dominance seeking is still common within each of the subgroups based on role. The idea of all of this is that role sharing and relative dominance systems can encourage peaceful, cooperative interactions between members of a species that band together for survival. And, generally speaking, the more cohesive the group, the more numerous and relatively equal are the factors that determine rank and the more complex is the dominance order.

What may seem reasonable in theory, however, is certainly not the case with humanity. Whether or not biotic instincts are at work here, and whether or not role evolved as a means of ameliorating dominance, human role games are only occasionally exercised between relative equals. If there is any creature that consistently seems to break the rule, it is humankind. Shakespeare was certainly not the first to observe that roles are often exploitive and involuntary. And while some individuals may on occasion enjoy relative freedom, social mobility or just rewards, many more are caught in economic servitude stacked against them from the beginning. Countless laws passed against

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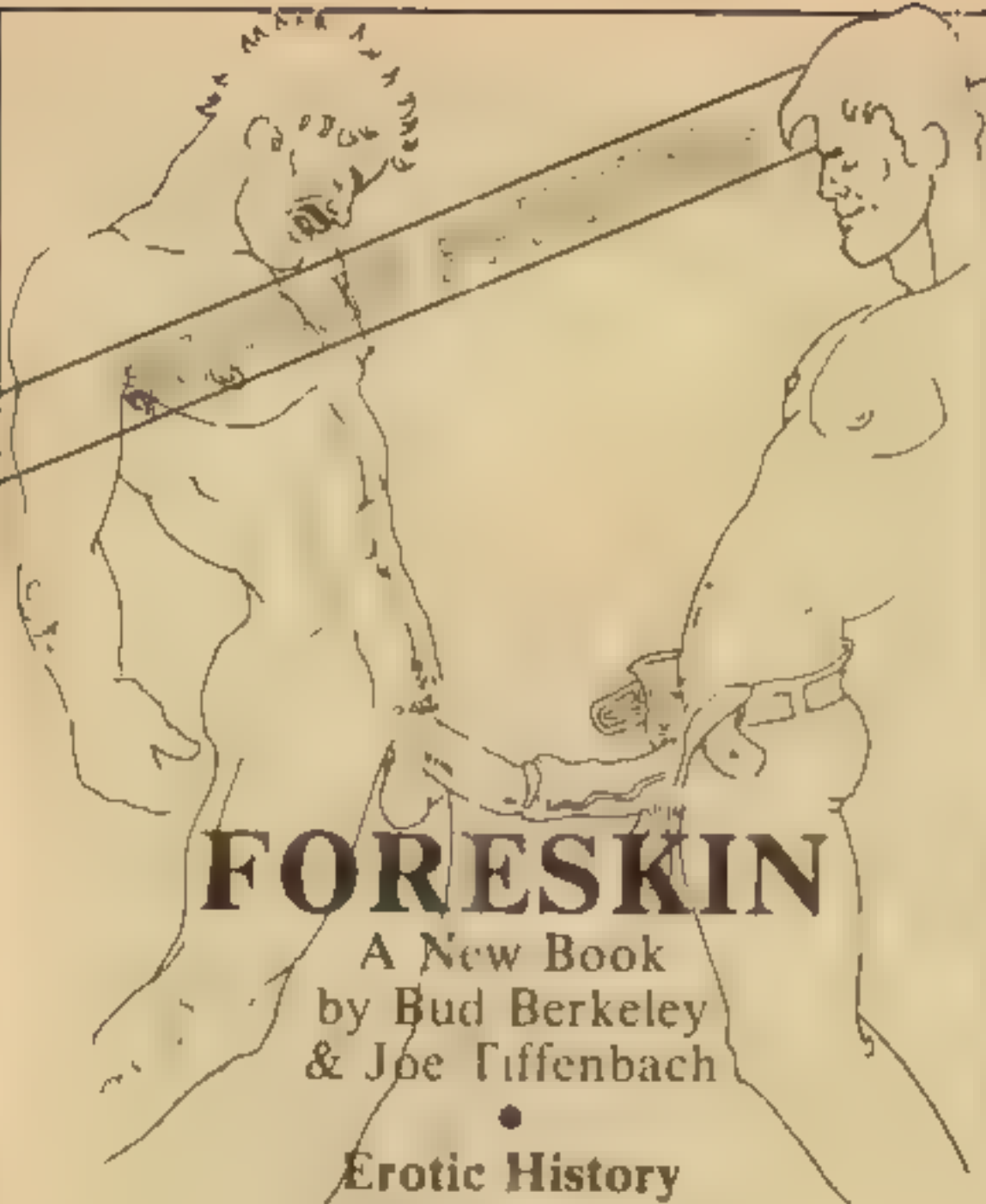
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discrimination, to encourage equal opportunity and to reduce exploitation in the workplace, are strong evidence of human excess. This may or may not be the case in some small tribal groups, but for the most part human role-play is a cruel and rigid matrix into which we are trained and, too often, frozen.

Within this matrix, our struggles for self-advancement are often roles in themselves. We free ourselves from one role position only to adopt the behaviors of another. Along the way we subconsciously learn to put down others, sometimes in a manner that hurts, usually in a manner that reinforces role-play. Pain, physical or mental, is a common expression of authority, and hurt serves to reinforce the dominance of the successful. From the cheap slurs by which majorities and minorities put down each other to the underhanded jabs of self-propelled business people and politicians, these patterns of advancement and reinforcement are but roles in themselves.

One author goes so far as to suggest that every human society has institutionalized means of carrying out this degradation. One party establishes his own social worth by creating a social outcast from someone else. He calls these "ceremonies of social degradation."¹⁰ Freedom and the search for it can be deceptive.

A Matter of Controversy

To imply that animal instincts are important in human behavior is controversial. It has become acceptable to say that humans have animal origins, but not that human behavior has roots in animal behavior. Sociobiology, the study of animal and human behavior as a continuum, is an *enfant terrible*.

The argument rages over the degree to which human behavior is patterned by culture and the degree to which it is determined by instinct. Social democrats and many libertarians fear the application of any biological principles to human nature. These could be misused, they argue, to justify existing social or political inequities. It might be reasoned, for example, that low-income groups do not succeed because of genetic inferiorities and therefore poverty is an unavoidable aspect of the human condition. In many respects these concerns are justified. Scientific data has been consistently misused to justify discrimination and social inequity.¹¹ Ironically, the fundamentalist New Right, who might sympathize if not agree with a rigidly instinctive view of the human condition, do not concur with the theory of evolution!

As in many debates, viewpoints have become polarized. Either human behavior is absolutely or inescapably driven by inherited animal motives that no amount of cultural patterning will erase or shift, or human behavior is so different from that of our closest human ancestors and so plastic that broad variation is not only possible but present.

I subscribe to the view that encompasses elements of both of these alternatives.

First, behavior is plastic and to varying degrees shaped by culture. There is strong evidence that such adaptability has had positive benefits for human survival. In the course of their incredible treks across the face of the planet, humans have adapted a diversity of strategies appropriate to meeting the demands of survival in different environments. That plasticity is expressed today as a broad range of cultural approaches.

Second, human beings are not all the same creatures. Capacities, metabolism, emotional and sexual response, motivation and learned response—all of these differ considerably between individuals. Each of us learns to respond differently to the demands and pressures placed upon us. Beneath these behaviors that are shaped by society are instinctive drives with genetic roots. These drives may influence behavior in areas such as sexuality, dominance and territory. But these are not simple either/or capacities. Like the hereditary determinants that influence size and intelligence, these drives could very well involve polygenic systems. These are assemblages of tens, even hundreds or copies of the same gene that interact to create fine gradients of expression. And typical of such genetic systems, the behaviors thus influenced may be strongly shaped by the environment of the individual.

In summary, then, I argue for the existence of animal-derived motivations within human nature that vary genetically from individual to individual, that are shaped by the process of development, and whose expressions are also influenced in an overall way by the value system of a particular culture. Thus a person may inherit a combination of genes that create a strong urge to dominate, but this urge may be downplayed by a family life that stresses equality of relations. Contrary to this upbringing, larger society may place premiums on aggressively reaching for the top. In another person, another family or another society, the converse may equally be the case. In summary, all three factors may very well play important and possible co-equal roles. And a determination of the degree to which any one acts may well prove to be difficult to determine.

The details of leather role-play provide no simple generalizations. Partaking of these rituals are individuals with a diversity of attitudes, tastes and capacities. Some men search for security and self-affirmation. Others desire contrast, exhilaration or pure enjoyment. Some search for all of these. The nature of personal relationships varies with individual, with acculturation, and apparently with physical capacity. Something as fundamental to leather as the pain-pleasure barrier varies considerably between people and thus between relationships. So also is the case of role-play.

Brute Force Is Not Enough

"Absolute dominance is not the symbol," says John. "It's dominance given in trust and received voluntarily. It's dominance given with humility as love." Adds David: "It's enjoyable to express or receive dominance, but there are other things involved. Emotional release. Affection. And let's not forget the sex!"

Dominance expression in many mammals is linked with sexuality, and expression of the two is often synonymous. Quite clearly, these behaviors are linked in leathersex. Writes Don Miesen: "In SM, our outer physical acts of domination and submission also reflect our inner erotic feelings. It's this power of SM to challenge and explore both body and emotions that makes SM so frightening and confusing to outsiders and so rewarding to those who produce it."¹²

Human sexuality is indeed linked with dominance expression, although in some perverse ways. Sexual expression of dominance may be blind and brutal as are many forms of role-play. Just as equally it can take on other forms. Strong dominance may be expressed by one sex or the other in relationships characterized by sexual repression. There may be restraint of any dominance expression among individuals who are otherwise sexually active. There may be strong yet not abusive dominance expression in relationships of intense sexual activity. Or, dominance may be muted within relationships of sexuality.

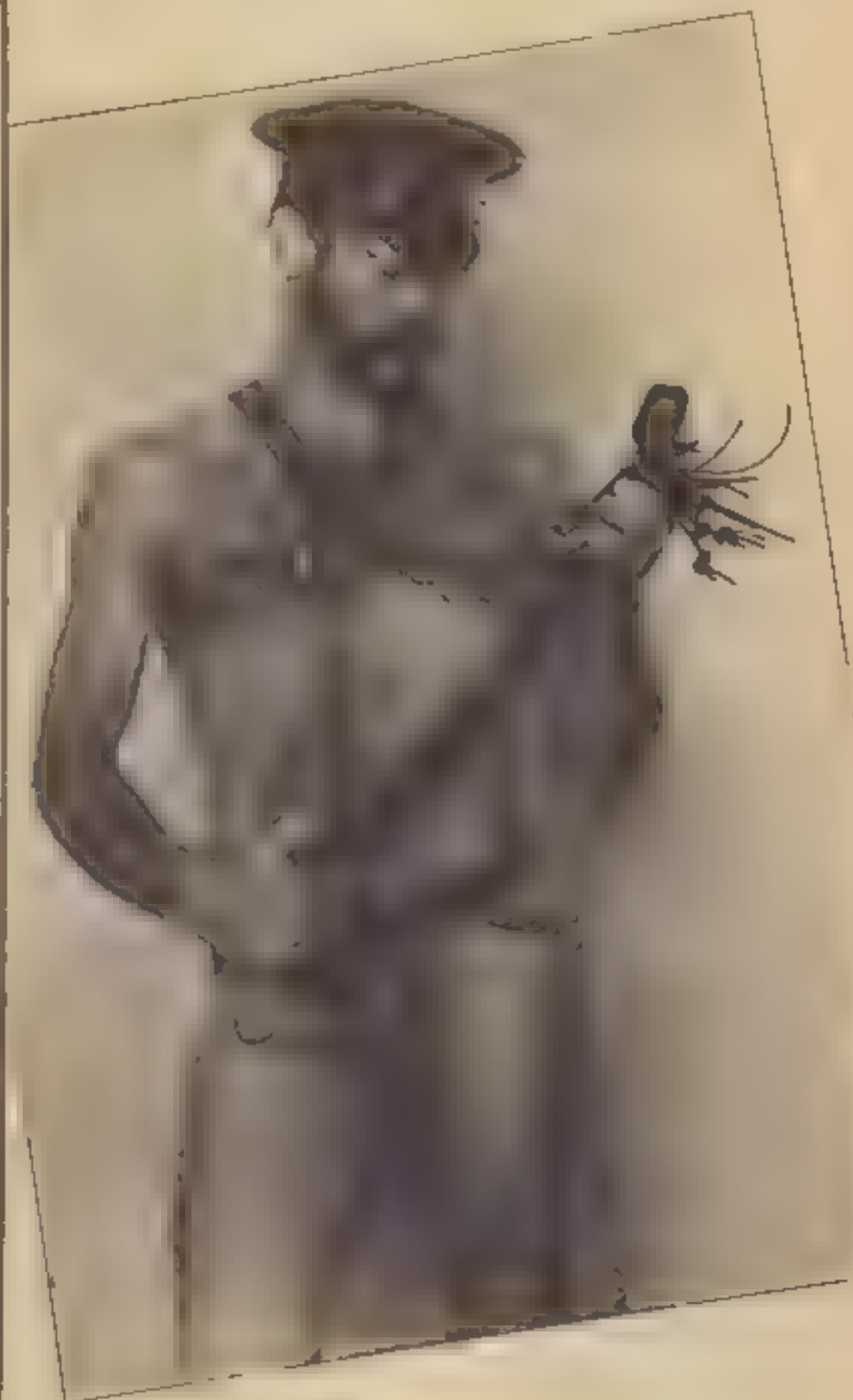
Despite the differences, there is a standard hallmark to nearly all of these forms of dominance expression: They are culturally determined and they are enacted as expected patterns of role-play to which little if any second thought is given.

On first appearance, the dominance games of leathermen echo trends in the ambient world. Topmen are sought who possess masculine qualities, who are hot, sexy men in their own right. But brute force or good looks are not enough. The act of submission is largely performed to proper attitude, to a man deserving of respect. Will power, intelligence, warmth and experience may be involved. But more often, it is humility that is paramount. That humility is sign of a mind that, if it has not been there itself, at least knows and respects the space that its partner is about to enter. Both top and bottom give hard and second thought to the chains of their reality. Arrogance and insensitivity have little place in this searching. Comments Jason Klein: "A master can be destroyed as easily by an intelligent slave as a slave can be destroyed by a stupid sadist."¹³

Pain as Authority

Despite occasional homage to democracy, we experience a world in which aggression is to large extent the currency of law

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and order. Who benefits, whether individual or society, and which concept of morality is upheld, is not the question here. The spanked child, the battered spouse, the victim of a mugging, or the apprehended insurgent, all of these people alike suffer pain as an expression of social power. The involuntary and aggressive use of pain is a major tool in the maintenance of human dominance despite the efforts of some cultures to put limits on the abuse of authority.

Involuntary pain as an expression of power is common not only in the West, in dictatorships, or in the military or the prisons. Aboriginal ritual widely uses pain as expression of social or religious authority. The boy at puberty may be beaten, ears or nose pierced, or forms of skin gouging or tattoo applied. These rites may involve intense, cathartic pain-pleasure experience. Preceding rituals of separation such as fasting, solitary confinement, exhaustive dancing or sleepless vigil could well generate opioid highs. And yet, while these mind spaces may lend to the spiritual authority of the experience, they are not essential. These rituals are one-shot; they mark special passage in an individual's life and are statements of the tribe's sanction of that passage. Pain is a means of exerting the authority of the tribe and of driving the message home. The products of the pain, whether tattoo or piercing, are an ongoing statement of this new-found status.

Another and second kind of pain ritual is quite different from this first. This ritual is voluntary, often communal, and repeated many times in a lifetime. These are rituals found not only among aboriginal peoples but also among subcultures in Asia, Europe and the Americas. Most often these rituals have strong spiritual contexts. Pain becomes a symbol of sacrifice as well as a submission to divine authority. Take for example the Kavadi dancers, who, surrounded by crowds of friends, make their way through the streets of Penang and Singapore on Thaipusam Day. Each man, as he dances, carries on his shoulders a heavy yoke of steel and wood that is connected to his flesh by hundreds of tiny steel hooks; the yokes are highly decorated for the festive occasion.¹⁴ Compare these rituals with those reported among Mayan tribes. Here, each of a group of dancers is pierced with thorns or wooden skewers through various body parts—tongues, cheeks, earlobes, legs and genitals. Each of these piercings is linked with those of other participants by a web of ropes. The group dances itself into states of ecstasy.¹⁵ Consider the firewalkers of Singapore who whip each other to banish fear before their passage across the red hot coals.¹⁶ And more familiar than any of these are the recent images from Iran: penitent Shi'ite Muslims flogging themselves and each other in the streets.

In these latter forms of pain experience it seems highly likely that the mechanisms of the pain-pleasure barrier come into play. Here, pain is yet a symbol of authority to whom submission is demanded, albeit a divine one. But submission is voluntary and the eventual and ecstatic release that is obtained, both through the release of opioids and a shift of consciousness, is a reward to the faithful. Here also is an incentive to repeat performance. The pain-pleasure rituals of leather, often enacted in voluntary submission to a trusted dominance, share strong similarities with these latter experiences.

A New Primate Frankness?

"We use the rituals of SM to achieve gnosis, a mystic understanding and strength in ourselves. We gain an understanding of violence and the uses of power in the world. We also learn about male bonding and about the natural human instinct that develops cohesiveness in any group."

George Stambolian¹⁷

"Let's put it this way" suggests one leatherman. "I have little difficulty in dealing with either the Gay or non-Gay worlds. I've had to do it nearly all my life, so I'm pretty adept at it. But when it comes to people I feel most comfortable with, it's got to be the leather crowd."

What this man observes of his personal affiliation is echoed by many leathermen. They get on with and even enjoy the larger and Gay communities. But while none of them would immediately trust another and unknown leatherman, there is a feeling of affinity. Says David: "You don't have to put up barriers and hide a real part of yourself. You don't have to work nearly as hard to find out where the other guy is coming from. You don't have to tone down that openness we share with one another that could offend outsiders." Generally speaking, while leathermen feel fewer constraints when dealing with the Gay community than with the ambient non-Gay one, they find the leather community more tribal.

What these men express is perhaps but a variant of an ancient conflict in the human condition. "The old primate frankness," Wilson has argued, would destroy the delicate fabric of human life that has "built up beyond the limits of the immediate clan."¹⁸ The world of monkeys may be too open and too honest to permit *faux-pas* and delusions that make larger human civilizations possible.

It has been proposed that we are caught in an ongoing conflict between our reactions to our immediate tribe (to whom we relate mutually and relatively honestly) and those to larger human society (to which we feel allegiance but to whom we have difficulty affording the same frankness). The origin of this conflict is not fully clear. Perhaps it lies in the needs of survival, in the need for cooperation beyond the immediate tribe. Perhaps it has origins in the consciousness that we are all in the same

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boat together. In any case, humans show a strong propensity to cooperate with people who have quite different cultural learnings. Nearly any metropolitan area is a vivid example of this. Barter, reciprocal trade and cultural exchanges extend worldwide in a manner demanding interaction with individuals who have very different ways of doing things. Here is an existence a good way from that of our primate relatives who trust their immediate tribe but distrust and have few relations beyond.

Humans deal with this dilemma, it appears, in two ways. We probe and we contract. Society appears to have evolved (and it is not clear whether this is cultural or genetic) powerful and complex means of probing. Our actions with strangers are designed to reveal a maximum of information useful in allowing each of us to better ascertain values, character, beliefs and approaches. We do this almost automatically and with little or no second thought. This reconnaissance helps us to determine how we, as individuals, will react to these strangers. The depth and type of probing depends on the nature of the future relationship.⁹ In turn, this probing is preliminary to contractual arrangements, written or implied, that will define our relations with these larger worlds. Here, the accepted and almost automatic relationships of the close tribe are replaced by formal agreements that lay out the expectation and obligation. Here then are employee and employer, government and citizen, and buyer and seller.

Where a large society is afforded the alternatives of either contract or aggression, our role-play within the tribal group is often taken for granted. Stifled by tradition and the demands of community, we more than often come to be assigned roles without consultation and without contract. In families these roles can be particularly involuntary. Supposedly, they are demanded by a common cause of group survival held to surpass individual desire. But the ultimate arrangements, expressed in personal lives that are sold, battered or commandeered, are in strong contrast to the contractual agreements afforded our larger relations.

Leathermen deal plainly with this involuntary servitude. They usually do not write out contracts for intimate forms of role-play, but these are implied. They are signed with commitment. In doing this, leather stresses the need for contractual approaches between all peoples. The grounds of leather contracts are clear. The tribe that is leather has no need for involuntary servitude by either force or tradition in order to meet its ends. Nor does acceptance of contractual limits obviate devotion: Bootlicking is an act of consummate passion.

Whether or not relations are contractual, the members of larger society find themselves trapped within the tensions and frustrations of role-play and the desperate search for status. How different is the role-play of leather. Here the ends are quite opposite: to expunge and to defuse. Leathermen accept their roles voluntarily. Whatever the cultural reasons that a particular individual is drawn towards this community, sexual roles are chosen, not assigned. On a tribal level, the role demands are

minimal and universal: self-respect and ego-control. These demands contrast strongly with those of the surrounding society.

Notes one man: "The most free, most successful and most self-aware frequently opt for the bottom...role." Here, men fraught with the tensions of social and economic striving seek contrast and relief through a relinquishing of power. This very act of submission provides for an intriguing reversal. "Ironically, those attributes leading to success in our society are also those attributes leading to satisfaction as a bottom: delay of immediate gratification, serving others for potential self-benefit, perseverance, fortitude and a 'sixth sense' in judgement and manipulating people."²⁰ The gratification obtained from such reversal is full and powerful. Based on a recognition of the individual himself and not on the status of his otherworld achievements, these perspectives can brake, even reverse those patterns of behavior in which we strive for the success that ignores ourselves. In doing both of these things, leather can release stress.

How much more rewarding in this world fraught with the tensions of role-play, of self-definition, of ongoing probing, to let loose in a scene where all is done for affection and for pleasure. How much more gratifying in a world in which these may well be institutionalized degradation ceremonies that maintain social rank and hurt, to subvert these in the cause of caring, emotional interaction between two individuals. How much more enjoyable to let down the defenses, to let instincts and aptitude flow, to let the body open itself to a new set of possibilities. How wonderful to do so, where both top and bottom share patience, humility, the openness to learn, the willingness to communicate and the honesty to talk from the soul, where the partners counter-balance vulnerability and sensitivity. These characteristics are the real essence of leather role play and they speak of a refined art.²¹ This deep probing can bring two strangers to a state of close brotherhood, so that whether they meet again or not, they will be mentally bound for the rest of their lives. Is this the behavior that *Time* magazine, in one of their more contemptuous moods, chose to condemn as a "driven activity, fueled by rage"?²²

Role-play in leatherspace is high drama. Intimate. Soul-searching. And consciousness-raising. It demands, as does much of leather, that individuals come to face themselves and to deal with their own realities. "The essence of SM is the ritual enactment of dominance and submission...the use of pain, humiliation, trust/responsibility exchanges and controlled assaults on the body to achieve a high intensity of experience."⁶ It "means the pleasure of giving oneself away, the pleasure of submissive vulnerability."² This ritual is important to our lives "to unite the physical and spiritual...revealing aspects of both that may have been hidden before."¹

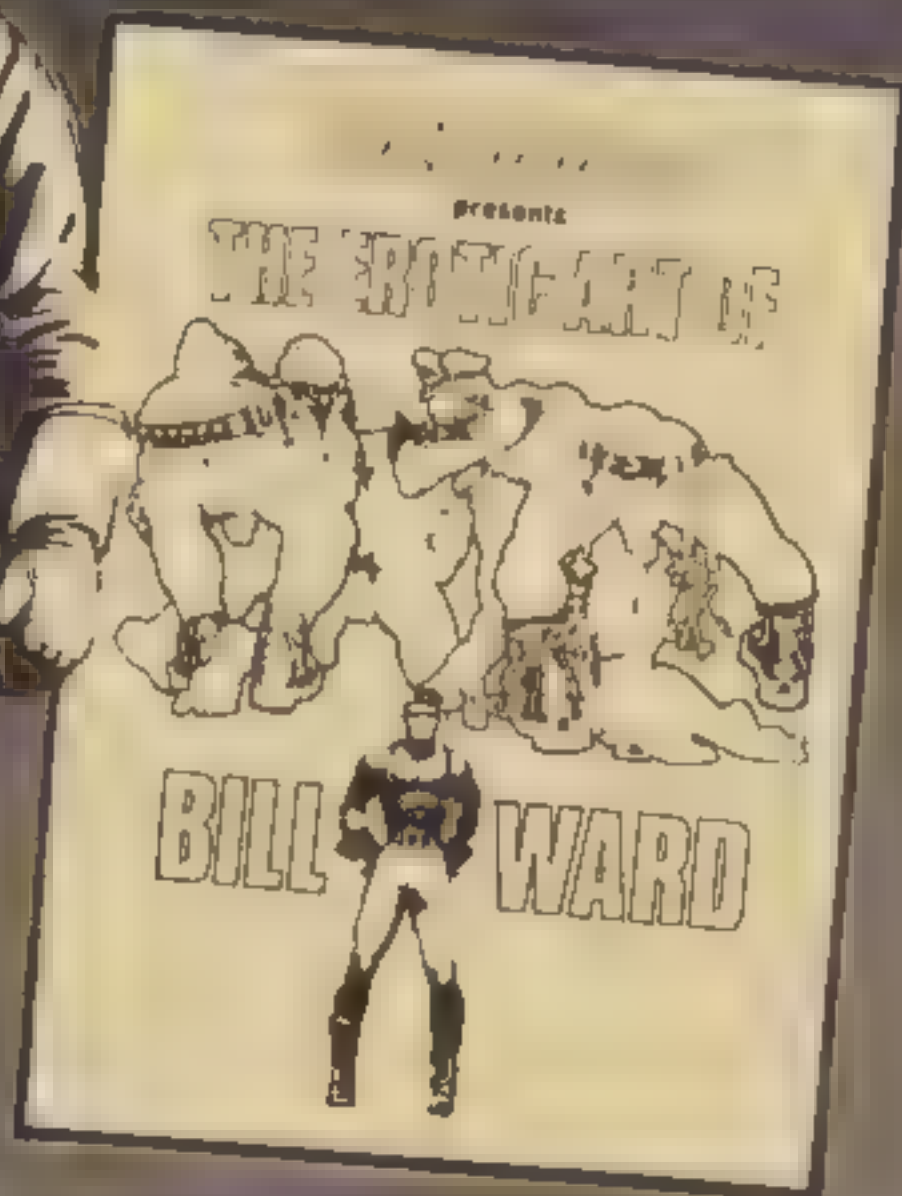
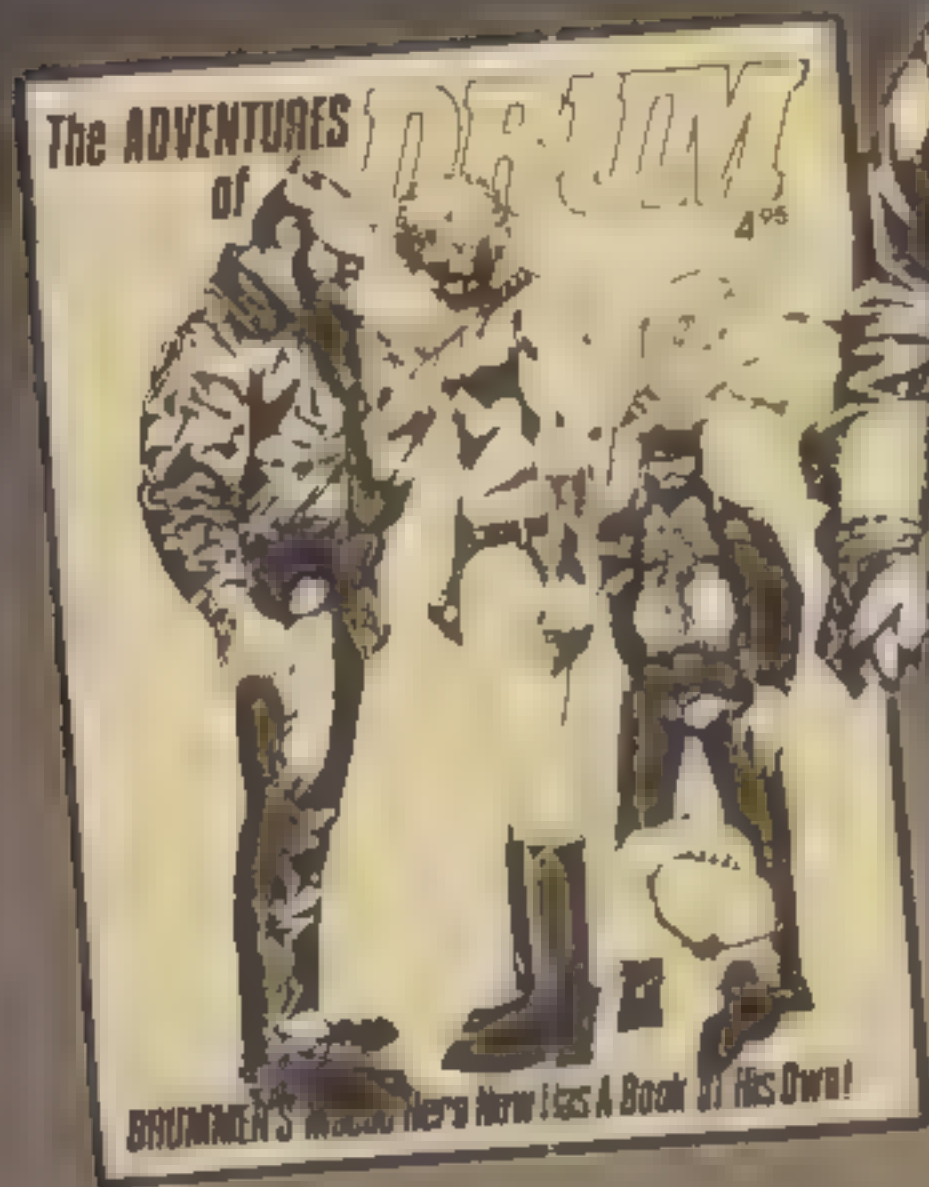
The rituals of leather reach deep into our human emotions, our cultural training and our animal presence. They reveal things that are at once surprising and enriching. And they open to the mind of the most incredible of its chambers. □

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15. P.T. Furst, p. 53 in *Alternate States of Consciousness*, ed. N.E. Zinburg, The Free Press, Collier-MacMillan, New York, 1977
16. A. Weill, p. 254 in *The Marriage of Sun and Moon*, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1980
17. George Stambolian, "Interview with a Fetishist," p. 17, *Christopher Street*, August 1981
18. E.O. Wilson, *Ibid.* p. 533
19. For a sociological outline of this phenomenon see Erving Goffman, *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, Doubleday Anchor Books, Doubleday, Garden City, New York, 1950
20. Dr. H. Versicolor, p. 5, *Dungeonmaster* #10, May 1981, Desmond Publications, Chicago.
21. "Growing Pains," p. 8-9, Society of Janus newsletter, June 1980, San Francisco.
22. *Time* magazine, May 4, 1981

Sit on it, Superman!
Cram it, Captain America!
HERE COMES DRUM!



THE ADVENTURES OF DR. M.

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THE EROTIC ART OF BILL MAZD

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Age 12-17 years 0.10% residents under 18 years

Age

Figure 5

1910-11

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Signature _____

THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

Drummer has been a magazine that I have enjoyed, from the first, as one of the best expressions of our unique lifestyle. I very much get off on most of your material, and I've also learned a lot.

Recently I answered a number of ads from Masters, as I am definitely and seriously in need of a strong and long-term Master. (And I'm really not a bad catch.) Despite your best efforts in forwarding the mail to me, over 60% of the people approached never even bothered to reply. This is very discouraging, and if I didn't know better it might make me think we're a bunch of phonies, J/O effeminates, not man enough to follow up on earnest applications—at least with a "Thanks, but I don't like your looks," or something.

Would you, Sir, have any suggestions on how a sincere, genuine, experienced slave can match up with a real Man? I must tell you that a few honest Masters have responded, fortunately. Word of mouth by good Masters and friends may also help. But your experienced advice is sought in my deadly earnest search. Thanks.

Sincere and Willing, VT

Dear Sincere,

It seems I've heard this song before. Your batting average sounds about average. When a guy runs an ad, especially as a Master, he will generally get a flood of replies, because (as has been said, written and sung many times) a good Top is hard to find. He can pick and choose from the responses. Nor, would I suspect, is Vermont the most fertile territory for your search. If you've already gotten it on with a few good Tops, I'd say you haven't done badly. There are a lot of guys reading these pages who'd be more than gratified to find just one. And since you've found

more than one, I can't help but wonder if you're really as good a bottom as you think you are. Why haven't these good "honest Masters" come back for seconds?

Dear Larry,

Being an avid fan/reader/collector of *Drummer*, I know you have given some excellent advice. But you have never discussed the problem that most applies to me, and that concerns my lacking one particular piece of equipment, which I've especially enjoyed on other men. I got ripped-off early in life; my balls are very small and undescended. They seldom come out, and when they do they are very tender if someone tries to suck on them. I've tried hormone pills, but all I got was a slight change in voice and more hair. I also tried weights attached to leather cords, and still no luck. Any advice from you is worth the effort—or do I just forget about it and try to enjoy other men's balls and cocks down my throat to make myself and them feel good?

Low-Slung Gear, S.F.

Dear Low Slung,

I'd say you were high slung, and that's a medical problem which you have probably already investigated with an MD. (I'm assuming this, since you have tried hormones.) At any rate, you appear to have tried the two most logical approaches to the problem. Beyond this, and short of surgery, I don't think there is very much you can do. The "tenderness," of course, is a direct result of your nuts' failure to descend normally. I know of guys—and have discussed the problem in this column—who wanted their balls to hang lower, and have successfully accomplished this with a series of increasingly longer ball stretchers, wearing these over a long period of time. However, I hesitate to suggest this in your case, because you could do yourself some harm. You live in San Francisco, where there is a plethora of gay doctors. If they can't help you, I guess you'll just have to enjoy the low hanging equipment on other guys.

Dear Larry,

For a while now: the concept of "safe sex" has been in. Many of us want to practice it, but it presents somewhat of a problem in a bar or when cruising anywhere else. Specifically, many people are reluctant to bring it up in their initial contacts, for fear of making it seem a turn-off.

Some of my friends and I have come up with a solution, which we feel might catch on if properly publicized. It's an addition to the handkerchief code—a white handkerchief, along with whatever other color you might normally display. A red handkerchief, for instance, along with a white in the left pocket would mean: I'm into fisting, Top, but everything we do will be within the "safe guidelines." Or dark blue in the right pocket with a white next to it would say: I'm into getting fucked, but

only with a condom, etc. I think it's a good idea, and if enough people did it, I think it could save a lot of lives.

Rick, Atlanta

Dear Rick,

On the surface, it doesn't sound like a bad idea, although we're still only guessing as to what is "safe" and what is not. Your concern, obviously, is with AIDS, and a white hankie may be a good start. However, I still think a little conversation is necessary if a guy is really concerned (as he should be), and if he is going to get into one or more of the kinkier scenes. Frankly, I'd be a little more comfortable if that white display also meant: I'm not going to use any drugs. Impaired judgment can be our worst enemy.

Dear Larry,

I'm writing about a letter in your column in *Drummer* 72 which refers to a man who can't seem to enlarge his nipples. You asked for some real nipple expert to comment, and while I'm not really that, I have some experience and would like to pass it on.

You suggest a clamp with minimal weight as an enlargement technique. My experience is that the weight will stretch the pec area, not just the nipple. Suction cups simply do not provide a lasting effect. Since my nipples are cross-pierced, they are now solid and stick out all the time, roughly a half inch. To make them larger, I'm going to try a plastic ice cream scoop, with the handle cut off and a hole in the center of the globe. If the nipple is stretched out to the hole, and barbell piercings used to hold it in place, it should stretch the part you want to enlarge, while the mouth of the scoop will hold back the rest of the chest. The assumption, of course, is that anything stretched long enough (time and length) will eventually assume that shape.

Thanks for your past advice, and I hope you get several more responses on this subject.

T.G., Palm Springs

Dear T.G.,

Your idea is quite ingenious, and might work well for guys with pierced nipples. For the rest, they still seem to be left with clamps, weights, and suction cups. Although there is really no substitute for a Master's fingers—applied hard and frequently—these other techniques can (and do) work. I'd be interested in knowing the results of your experiment, since you seem to indicate that you haven't actually tried it. If you'll recall, I did previously suggest that push-ups and prone bench presses are recommended to firm the pecs and help prevent their being stretched along with the skin.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

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- ☐ Send me DRUMMER in a plain brown envelope
\$40 a year (outrageous!)
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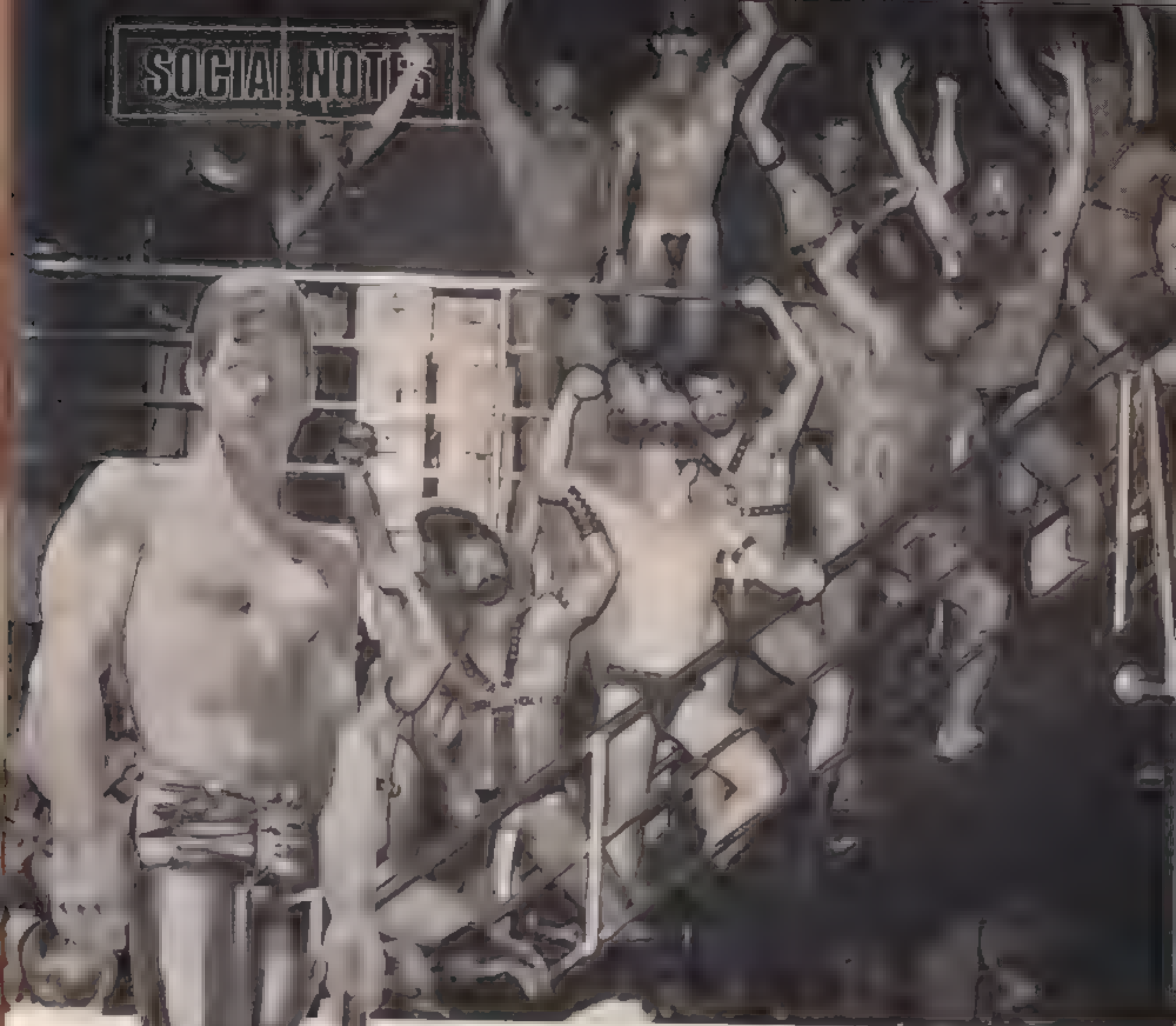
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Expires _____ I am over 21 _____

Signature _____



WHO WILL BE THE NEW **MR. DRUMMER**

It's that time again, when leathersmen all over the country get together to select the one man who best symbolizes DRUMMER and leather. By the time you read this, half of the regional Mr. Drummer titles will have been decided, with many more coming hard on the heels of the 1984 Mr. Drummer finals in June. Already, New England, the East Coast, the Southeast, Northern and Southern California (this state has so many leathersmen it needs two contests), the Pacific Northwest, the South and the Midwest have chosen the hottest men in their areas. By mid-June all the regional title winners will have been selected and the march to San Francisco for the ultimate leather battle begins.

Above: The Mr. Southern California Drummer finalists at Greg's Blue Dot in Los Angeles. Photo by Rose de Castro



MR. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER LOS ANGELES

Mr. Southern California, John Rush (left and above) rose out of a large and aggressive pack of finalists to cop the top honor at the regional contest at Greg's Blue Dot. A packed house watched imaginative and dedicated leathermen give their all—and the judges were hard-pressed to name just one man from the talent-studded group. Staged by Anthony Bruno (who also mounts the Mr. Drummer Finals), this year's contest proved to be L.A.'s biggest and hottest event. All photos by Rose de Castro.



'Spread those cheeks' —the command heard around the world, and demonstrated with finesse by one of the leather-clad contestants in the Mr. Southern California regional



"I'll lick the towel Mr Drummer dried off on" seems to be the sentiment of everyone in the contest especially this particularly demonstrative individual



MR. APPALACHIAN DRUMMER PITTSBURGH

Grooming up for Mr. Northern Appalachian Drummer (top, far left) backstage at The Pittsburgh Trucking Company. Winner John Phillips (far right, center photo and above photo) was away with the gold. All photos by Ivann Santana and smiles were the highlights of the Mr. Southeast Drummer contest held at Tacky's in Ft. Lauderdale (bottom row).



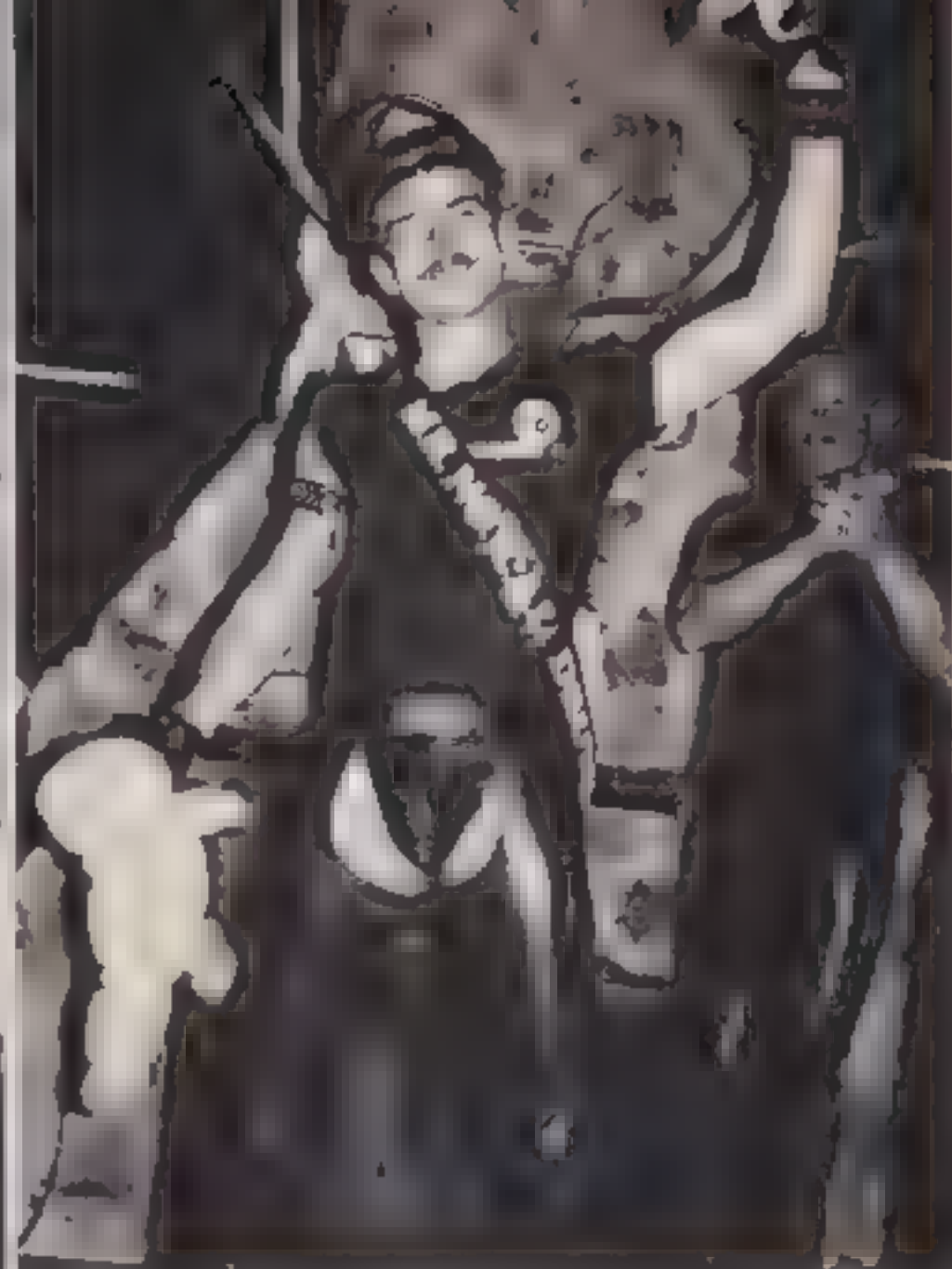


which featured Golden Boy (his real name!) in the line-up (far left). Winner Ken Bergquist (center, next photo) flanked by Runners Up 1983 Mr. Southeast Drummer David Far Lee (center photo) calmed the crowd when he gave up his reins. Ken in swim trunks (next photo, left) and stripping off his shirt (far right photo). All photos by Jerry Lasley.

MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER FT. LAUDERDALE







MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER RUSSIAN RIVER

Mr. Northern California Drummer was selected after three days of intense competition at The Woods, set in California's popular Russian River resort area. The men who entered this mega-contest were put through their paces in both indoor and outdoor events. Winner Sonny Cline (directly above) topped even the bigger guys with this award-winning attitude and personality. But the going was rough for all the contestants, and every aspect of their leather personalities was exposed to careful scrutiny, including a backside perspective (top row, photos far left and right); and having their clothes ripped off their... chest, as Patrick Toner, runner-up (middle photo) can attest.

Hard-working Drummer staffers (bottom row, far left) mingled with the crowd making sure everything went smoothly. The resort was filled with sun-seekers from all over the state (center and right) who took advantage of the clear, sunny weather to exercise their tan lines. All photos by Robert Pruzan



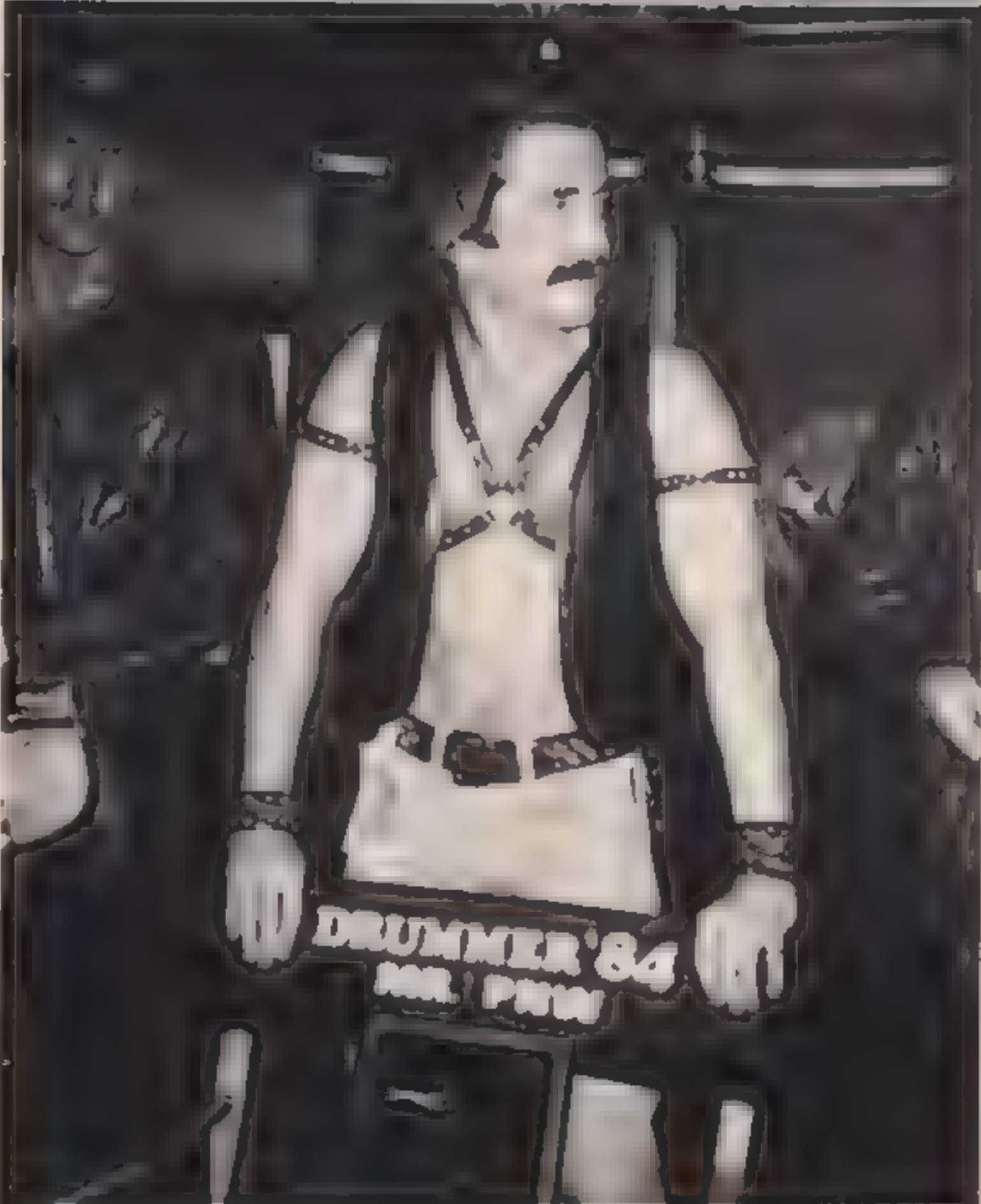
MR. PACIFIC NORTHWEST DRUMMER

From the Canadian border to the southern Oregon border, the hottest men from the Pacific Northwest came together for a weekend in May in Portland for the timber region's annual leather contest at JR's Cell. Hot and hunky Ray Woods from Seattle walked away with the top honors, becoming the third Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer, and joins the extraordinary group of men from all over the country who will descend on San Francisco on June 23 to show the world what real leathersmen are made of. Be there!

They came, they showed, they conquered: The men who entered the four regional Mr. Drummer Contests shown here are but the uppermost tip of the iceberg. And they are all winners, regardless of how they stood in the final counting. Although only half over, and with the Mr. Drummer finals still to come, these men have once again demonstrated what Drummer is all about—men together sharing a fraternity based on mutual respect and an uncompromising lifestyle. If you can't be there, you can experience all the excitement imaginable in the official 1984 Mr. Drummer program; filled with photos of the supermen who have won the ten regional titles and photos from the contests across the country.

Not the same as being there, but the next best thing! Last year's program was a sell out; reserve your copy now, \$2 postpaid, from: Drummer Program, 964 Folsom, San Francisco, CA 94107.

52 DRUMMER



HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!

DRUMBEATS



NATIONWIDE

MODELS

Drummer is looking for leather/uniform men willing to model. (415) 864-3456

STILL UNCUT?

Holding out for the right scene? Tell the Sarge all about it. Send description, photo (not necessary) and circumcision fantasy. All get replies, the chosen get a paid Box 3433

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

39 year old M. successful professional man, just breaking into the scene seeks contact with individuals groups clubs organizations in the mainstream of the national and/or international S M community for an introduction into the life style. Box 3675

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

WANTED-YOUNG MEN TO 25

For live in work at motel. Job involves light maintenance & learning desk duties. Must like dogs & know how to or be willing to learn how to give good massage (to owners only). Reply with photo & address & phone # if possible.

To Gary Seitz—3945 W. Houser, Elroy, AZ 85231

SLAVE WANTED

Two professional, caring, dominate GWM's mid 30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w/photo gets reply. MSTRS P.O.B. 50286 WASH D.C. 20004

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Wants to share bikes, boots, leathers & heavy bondage (possibly long term) w/aggressive guy; send photo. Box 33 Riner VA 24149

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 36 5'11" slim hairy slave into SM & BD & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leathermaster in 30's up with hairy chest hung/please S teach me a new job in degradation humiliation. I need to serve, respect, obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command Sir. Can I have USA PC card photo A to USA 30320

BIG, HEAVY, HAIRY TOPMAN NEEDED

Thirsty GWM, 30, 6', 230 lbs. wants arge, hairy topman to service while you fatten this pig up. Box 3883

S.F. TOP

Interested in contacting others (top or bottom) into Heavy W/S for purpose of starting a nationwide club for same. Photo insures reply. 17 Harriet St. San Francisco CA 94103

WANTED—

Lost over 1000 buttons & pins during recent move. Will trade 1 for 1 Bar Anniversary pins, run pins, gay political pins, etc. 17 Harriet St., San Francisco CA 94103

TENNESSEE SILVER FOX

60 y/o, 6'2", 190 blue eyes reddish

complexion, handsome & excellent definition had lg nipples, talented hoar; expert mouth for an older Southern Master who commands sexual servitude & S M Bld cigar smokers a plus (not required) SM Groups OK Box 3985

QUEBEC CITY, CANADA

WM 34 5'8" 170 lbs wants to make friends in Central—U.S.A. and on the West Coast where I'll be in '84. Interested in SM, CBT TT, boots BD, assplay. Mainly M looking for top friend. Also interested in contacts with same from NE—U.S.A. and Canada. Box 3984

ANIMAL SUITS

Animal costume transformation scenes (not beastial ly) Am I the only one? Serious only please Box 3988

VIDEOPORNFREAK

With tastes that run from the bizarre to the downright disgusting wants to correspond and possibly swap with other videopornfreaks, either format with similar or more extreme tastes. Interested in amateur as well as under-the-counter material. Write first Box 3963

PHONE FREAKS

Really tough top will advise free for 10 min. in Seattle and 10 min. to Box 4021

SLAVE SOUGHT

Ex-Marine seeking lowly grunt to serve as directed without fail. Grunt will learn to become a total slave in a possible permanent position. Bondage, discipline lifestyle. Photo and letter to Box 4014

MUSC SLAVE WANTED

Master, 35, tall dark hairy, Italian stud well educated, successful seeks hard muscular well defined smooth bodied slave. 18-28 I will use your body

for my pleasure including B&D, TT GRK. You will be submissive and obedient. Education is a plus. If you qualify you will be ordered to appear for a trial. If successful you will be expected to relocate immediately. Only top quality photos w/ a top quality address card apply. Send letter describing your personal history, attitudes, and special qualifications. Send several current photos. Box 4027

HOT HUNG AIRLINE CAPTAIN

into, cockstraps, uniforms, light shorts. Seeks studs 18-35 to explore my buttoned fly or shiny zipper before taking my beautiful tool. WM 32, 5'11" 168" TVL Worldwide like airline men uniformed guys athletes promising asses. Box 4023

WANTED: HAIRY ASS TO LICK

This GWM 28, 5'11", smooth, well hung loves long oral sessions especially rears (yours). Prefer hairy husky or de men. Love to exchange hot horny letters. Write RDA, Box 4001 Key West, FL 33040

PHONE SEX

The men who use our service get connected together for a hot erotic experience. Call HOT GUYS 1-800-451-4514 day or night. LESS THAN \$1.00 per hour. (415) EGO-TRIP (346-8747) The Connector

WANT A BOOTED, LEATHERED BIKER VISITOR THIS SEPTEMBER?

Want to ride along cross-country? Free by day (wind against leather), secure by night (roped, chained, gagged). Box 3446, Elroy, AZ 85231 (please) Have leathers, will travel

ARE YOU READY

To live the piquant reality of hard driving relentless play? I am ready. I am strong. Reply to Box 4024

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some, topmen? We've been together and into leather for years and know how to train and direct any slave, who is ready to the total surrender of body and mind. You should apply only if you are serious and imaginative. No lazies, ego heads or coldfeet. We expect you to be ready and willing, we will make you able. Slave's ass must be prepared for intelligent, heavy S.M., boot shine, white glove perfection, long term, no bullshit, relationship. We're both experienced topmen into bondage, beating, verbal abuse, enforced humiliation and giving orders. It is now time for us to train and develop a slave for our care and pleasure. We're 6'2" 175 lbs. blue/blonde uncut with good body. And interchain member # 879 5'6" 145 blue/L. brown, with 9 1/2 log. Both 30 and in good shape. Your looks and body are unimportant. We will change them to fit our needs. Any race or age O.K. You must be masculine and healthy enough to be trained. If you are not ready for complete servitude don't waste our time. Address your humble resume with photo to MASTERS LARRY & MIKE P.O. Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091

DETERMINED

SLAVE WANTED

By versatile Master for permanent relationship. Must be submissive, obedient and willing to relocate. We're hung, trim, cut 25-37, G.W.M. into sane S&M, C&BT, bondage, leather, etc. JDB Box 20835, Reno Nevada 89515. LF4015

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Permanent—will train. Box 1055 Medford OR 97501

FORESKIN STRETCHING

Am I the only one? I have 3 inches of the stuff! Seek other uncut into it. GWM 38 5'7", 135. Photo of skin gets mine. 444 Hudson St. Suite 133, NYC NY 10014

LEATHERMASTER COACH

Wanted by 34 yr. w/m 6' 195 lbs. muscular, handsome, masculine into leather uniforms, boots, military training, wrestling, boxing, weight training and belonging to a hunky muscular 40+ w/m for a life of total commitment, service and obedience. S/M B/D W/S Tits your way. Serious only. Photo please. Box 4060

CONTEMPLATIVE ELDER HERMIT. Share primitive life. Gardening, animals, arts, sculpture, poetry, solidarity with the poor, prayer. Box 4077

ALABAMA

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

In Mobile, AL. We want to show you some Southern Hospitality that General Grant never saw. Two Real Men. Both 36, one blonde/blue, beard and a hefty 8" uncut solid log sticking out from his 6'2" frame. The other 6'1" 170 lbs. fair hair with brown/brown, equipped with a loaded uncut cock. We are looking for Southern Men and visitors to the south who are into being men and playing hard. We've had enough of the southern belles at the local bars. If you're fat or lean or don't qualify as a real man, don't waste our time. If you think you're man enough for our brand of hospitality, get your shit together and write us a letter with a hot photo (returnable) of yourself. Box 3754

BOTTOM SEEKS TOPMAN

(Daddy) 21-45

To take charge of the situation verbally and physically. Me Prof. Bk 40, 5'11", 148 lbs. masculine, discretion expected and received, P.O. Box 1772, Montgomery AL 36104

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping

backpacking. Would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs. 42 br/br moustache, masculine good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai Alaska 99611 or call 907/283-4879

ARIZONA

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35)

Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Boxholder Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85068

PHOENIX TRASH

Two hot sex pigs in mid-30's looking for men into W.S.V.A. hot J/O sessions, and other healthy but deranged activities. Box 4032

NEED LOVE?

Two master/daddies want slave/son for weekend encounters. Must be obedient, enjoy discipline, good body. We'll give companionship in return. Photo appreciated. Box 35762, Phoenix, AZ 85069.

21, MASCULINE, HUMPY

Wants one strict Daddy/Father type. Husky, hairy, boots, over 6 ft—real plus. Relocating to L.A. in Aug. Son wants strap, spankings & affection when earned. Serious only. Box 4056

PHOENIX — 40+

East Coast man, 31, good looks, body at Arizona State July. Wanted hot masculine men 40+. Muscles special turn-on.

YOUR AD GETS RESULTS!

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Willing to train the right 21-35 husky, amenable man for complete service. At board, room, spending money taken care of. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men other than yourself. Strong discipline training. No phone-ins, no bullshit. 415/282-9603 eves. Call me Sir.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locale, nationality, top, bottom, versatile not important—dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more. Send SASE for a confidential application. The Leather Fraternity 964 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94107

SAN FRANCISCO

RUSSIAN RIVER

SM C&BT. To tie and chew on. Don't forget T/T Versative. Your photo gets mine. All answered. Box 3442

STOCKY, HAIRY MAN WANTED

By 25, 6' blond/blue, swimmer's build, nymphomaniac. Just can't get enough of that hot stuff! I'll swallow it whole right down to your balls any way you like it. (Chew, lick, gag, choke) for the men who really dig getting their cocks sucked dry. Photo & Phone to Box 3804

RECREATIONALLY ORIENTED

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment in expanding my experience in fucking, light S&M, B&D, W.S., toys, dildoes, polaroids, playrooms, & fantasy scenes. Not into scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797

GOODLOOKING W/M

Seeks trim blue collar workers into uniforms & leather. Jim (415)673-1284

21 YR. OLD, 5'7" 160LB
Bodybuilder seeks older (25-35) top man to exercise right B/D & preliminary S/M techniques. Must be good looking and masculine. Box 3944.

VERBAL ABUSE
28 y.o. w/m 5'10" 155 lbs. wants trainees for T/L, CBT and most important verbal abuse. You must crave someone to tell you exactly what to do, and then be able to do it exactly as told. Must be excellent cocksucker and G/P as my 8 1/2" hot tool needs special attention. Box 3917.

GWMAN 30+ WANTED
Tired of bars—usual artificial men—Seeking meaningful relationship! I'm willing to give T.L.C. to the right man who is honest, trustworthy, sensitive. Into all music especially classical and fun times. I'm W.M. 32 Blue eyes hung—versatile. Box 3923.

HOT 30 YR. OLD TATTOOED
Blond, blue-eyed leather boy 5'11" slender, very handsome, boyish. Seeks young (21-30) good-looking, clean-shaven masculine gay or bi buddy—punk, biker or surfer type for sex and companionship, possible on-going relationship. Can be gentle and/or wild. Light S&M bondage, leather loving. No feds, feds, losers or clones need apply. Photo a must. Box 3925.

YOUR FAVORITE HOLE IS MOVING!
To 1145 Folsom Street approx 4-1-84
The Watering Hole

W/M, 37, 6', SLENDER
Good looking, bottom seeks heavily muscled daddy 25-45. Into it TT B/D, W/S. Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Rio, 1632 J. #3, Eureka, CA 95501.

TWO LOOKING FOR TWO SF BAY AREA
Or four... #1 S, 40, 130, 5'4" #2 MS, 30, 180, 6'4" Both w/ hot w/o attitude and like rough sex & old standards. No hangups about sex except fear of AIDS. We want to form a 4 or 6 way closed sex partnership with 1 or 2 stable couples. You should be GWM under 50, in good shape, healthy, not looking for a cover into hot sex and able to keep closed partnership commitment. If interested lets meet & look one another over. Write Box 3937.

SEXUAL ABUSIVE MASTER W-SLAVE—DOG
Wants 3rd and/or 4th I am a (G.L.) masculine Master (37) I own a Butch Sicilian son/ slave-dog (35) Though he is still in training I have taken control over his mind instilling in him a great desire & need to serve, respect, obey & worship his Master's commands, leather boots, man-crotch & man-ass. He now works at proving he has two hungry holes that are total pussy. I am looking for another master buddy who owns a boy so we may together expand on the powerful mental dominance, degradation, verbal humiliation, bondage & sexual abuse of my/ our slave pussy. Other Masters invited—other slaves submit respectful letter. Only serious replies w/ photo will merit this experience. Box 3615.

SOUTH BAY AREA
White male 27, 6', 165 needs fantasies turned into realities. I need a leather bondage Master who will take control and guide me through moderate to heavy B/D. V/A boots gloves police uniforms, hoods and light to moderate S/M. Serious training needed. If possible send photo. Box 3711.

I'M LOOKING
For a long term relationship with a

macho muscular slave into oil—sweat—kink—chains. 5'9", 175, 45. Phone (415) 944-9984.

TALL MELLOW TOP
Wants an easy going independent Buddy with a healthy hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo letter, and phone to Box 3767.

BLOND COCKSUCKER
Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536.

SAFE SEX
No fluid exchange sought by w/m 5'11" 150, blue/brn, blonde moustache, cute, personable. Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or c&b work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters. Ron P.O. Box 14413, S.F., CA 94114 LF4045.

HOT COCK -
I'm 32, 150w 5'10", hirsute muscular w/br hair, must & beard til-ring & tattoo, usually top but welcome other tops one-to-one or? Experienced in all scenes esp. VA, TT, Humiliation, FF (top) cigars, and leather. You are together GWM 22 to 40, flexible and willing to expt. w/both new & old scenes for max pleasure. No blood or IV drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry Byford 495 Ellis #2892 SF CA 94102.

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN
32, 6', 215, serious weightlifter, handsome. YOU—Naturally masculine attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phoneys, free loaders. Photo, phone. Box 3886.

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD
Son is 28, 153 lbs, 5'11" DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary over the knee, etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to David. Box 18891 San Jose, CA 95158.

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD
Masc hairy B.B. 29 yrs. old looking for same into dirt bikes, backpacking and snow skiing & B.B. Also like bondage CBT and out door scenes. Write to DGB 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord, CA 94520. No fem, feds or fakes. Photo if possible.

DADDY'S BOY
W/M 22, 5'9" 130, Brn/Grn Looking for big bear Daddy 35+ w/beards into cigars, leather, bondage, boots uniforms, etc. Barry, P.O. Box 4244 S.F., CA 94101.

VERSATILE WRITER
into SM and you name it seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phone-calls. 861-3183.

PHONE J/O
6', 165 lbs. W/M needs verbal abuse and hot J/O phone calls between 11 PM—5 AM only. Dick (415) 626-1385.

WM, 45, 6', 275 LBS., 7'4", UNCUT
Genuine, very exp. masochist seeks genuine exp. sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing CBT, TT watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Poss. perm. relationship. Box 3875.

HOT LONELY BOTTOM
W/M late 40 seeks gemet hot topman

with hot rod. In only Ath. Area. Box 3874.

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS
Age 35-50, wanted by W Masculine Bottom, 34, 6'1", 195, into T/T CBT W/S+ Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No feds. Box 3874.

W/M, 34, NOVICE
Seeks bearded Master into patient serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one riders. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anally oriented 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756.

31, White Male, 160
Looking for correspondence and/or contact with man willing to expand my experience with C/B TT WS FF. Picture appreciated. 584 Castro #279 SF 94114.

NATURAL STUD INTO J/O
Goodlooking, built, hung, aggressive 29, 6', 158# dark blonde, moustache (throbbing & muscle heavy hanging nutback) no strawing & sucking scenes with other. Use exchange. Photos a must before meeting. Box 4008.

YES SIR SLAVE WANTED
W/M Scorpio 88, 40, 5'11", 205# solid, bi/bi, bald beard Germanic, strict, into S&M, discipline, regimented lifestyle. Face slapping. YOU 21-35 good body, moustache, employed. GR P/A, NC FFA/ drugs/ scat/ luth/ blood MY WAY ONLY! Affection earned. Permanent and live-in. Send qualifications—photo to C.L. Sawyer P.O. Box 38775, Los Angeles, CA 90038.

GWM WANTED
YOU 25-35, at least 5'10" Not fat but not skinny either. Goodlooking facial hair a must. I am 26, 5'10" Blonde hair and blue eyes with moustache. Muscular body. I am interested in a relationship. Your photo gets mine. I am not a size queen but I have been impressed. I just don't like little dicks. Box 4013.

PLEASE DADDY!
Whack my boy-butt! Paddle my athletic-ass! Apply Your Daddy-Dick to my whore-hole! Plow into me with Your Hard-Hands and Active-Arms. I want to take all this—and more! I need to take all this—and more! I'm 25, 5'5" 135-lbs, brn/grn, athletic-muscular build. Looking for a Daddy or a big brother who is 30-40, bigger than me, muscular (football, players a plus) who are horny, raunchy and SLEAZY! Your photo and letter get ME! Box LF5000.

SLAVE WANTED
Must be into TOTAL discipline (be totally owned). For application and rules contact M.P., 3831-16th St. S.F. CA 94114. Training possible. Photo required.

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK
W/M 5'10", 180, 40ish, enjoys mutual uninhibited pleasures. Top & Bottom. Have some experience, but want & need more. Lets develop out S&M etc together or show me yours in a friendly meeting. Many meeting of our bodies & minds. Northern California area with photo & phone answered regardless of area. Visit & possible relocation consider Gary Richards. P.O. Box 2011 Petaluma CA 94953 LF4002.

HOT TOP MASTER
Handsome, muscular, master, 36. Looking for handsome muscular slaves/bottoms (415) 863-2858 or write with photo, ph to FinL 100 Boderick #404, S.F., CA 94117.

BATMAN LEATHERMAN
Strong, goodlooking, well educated. GWM 31 5'11", 165#, swimmer's build, small when flacid—long & thick when

erect, wears full leather, masks, gloves codpiece & gets off on same. Seeks well built skin tight leatherman. No drugs/FF/fluid exchange. Box 4045.

MACHO DADDY DICK WANTED
To fuck sensuous mouth/tight ass of slim w/m 34, beard, bald moderately hairy. You 20's-40's, trim (Plusies) for you hairy, beard/moustache (low hanging balls like grass/poppers, no pain). Couple welcome. Send picture/orders to Box 4885, Berkeley 94704.

S M PHONE SEX
(415) 346-8747

WANT TO BE TIED-UP?
Bondage top will show you the ropes and give you the orders. Nov ces O K—Write P.O. Box 26322 S.F. CA 94126.

RAUNCHY RELATIONSHIP
Goodlooking trim guy late 30's looking to form a monogamous relationship with similar guy into mutual scat scenes. I'm energetic, playful, bright. Not into bars, baths, booze, hard drugs or one nighters (poppers are O.K.). The kinkier the scene, the better. 584 Castro Suite 187 San Francisco, CA 94114.

HYPER TICKLISH FEET
Man with foot fetish seeks contact with ticklish athletes. Have room for ticklish college student in Sacramento area. Travelers welcome—write ahead. Box 4036.

BEARDED ENGLISH LEATHER BOTTOM

Trim, 29, in SF late May wants to meet tall, muscular bearded/moustached top guy preferably with strong Am into ~~leather~~ ~~sucking~~ ~~F~~ ~~W~~ ~~S~~ ~~V~~ ~~A~~ ~~Not into~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~physical~~ ~~pan~~ ~~scat~~ ~~Box 419~~

WANTS DADDY
A DS patient with Kapos's Sarcoma w/m, 27, 6'1" 145# Bind me, shave me, talk dirty to me. Daddy then beat off in front of me. Am novice. Box 4080.

VERSATILE
Top or Bottom "DAD" looking for partners into fucking, fisting, sucking, dildos and other toys for exotic experience. Mutual pleasure is all I make goal. No feds, feds or blacks. Your picture gets mine. Box 4084.

PADDLE MY BARE ASS
GWM 29 170w 6' blonde/blue 6' seeks muscular top to administer hard bare assed paddlings/strappings. Into white socks and bare foot worship, prolonged cocksucking, B.D. fucking, some piss drinking. Positively no FF, scat, rimming, permanent damage. How red can you make my bung? Weekends. Box 4051.

TOY WITH THIS
Feel built legs. See blond bodybuilder ass. Explore it for hours. Hear the pressure. Till work and lots more. Hot handsome, uninhibited, centered, health wise. Grade AA. Periodic get-down scenes. Delayed p.a. cum in bag am ~~is~~ ~~torso~~ ~~into~~ ~~and~~ ~~creative~~ ~~experience~~ ~~required~~ ~~want~~ ~~the~~ ~~beef~~ ~~Write~~ ~~Scott~~ ~~Box 4059~~

MUD
33 yr. old, brn. hair, 6'4" mus achieved man it takes to s.o.p in the swamp with a buddy. Likes leather, w/s. and boots. too. Box 4062.

HOT PIG FIST HOLE
Seeks log heavy mutual, FF with fun drugs. I'm hunky hairy 37 5'10" 150 with double-wide deep hole. Come on buddy let's feed our big sloppy butts and punch each others lights out. Hot letter & photo to Box 4068.

DOG TRAINING
On/off leash. Spec in prob. correct by hot trainer. No inhibited animals. Long raunchy sessions. Get it? Box 4081.

Pans—P.O.B. 127472 San Diego, CA 92112

BABY B/B

Fledgling bodybuilder clean-cut needs help with bulking up, weight gain and lifting routines. Good looking w/m 26. 5'8", 160W determined to grow up big and strong. Will pay trade or? For assistance Box 4076

INTERESTED

In corresponding with canine lovers/s/horse lovers. Rex-5695 E 7th St. Box 346 Long Beach, Ca. 90804

MUSCLE SLAVE

Dead serious rare opportunity for one totally submissive, dedicated bodybuilder muscle slave to commit his mind, body, and future to one Master. Intelligent, tall tan, together lean mean, 40 year old sane sadist excelling in imaginative muscle bondage, muscle humiliation/exhibitionism/discipline, and dictating your body's forced improvement. All you can expect of me is quality. All I expect from you is a superior body devoted to my deviate needs and total satisfaction. Send a spilt-your-guts letter, bare chested photos (no photos, no chance), return address & phone number to Mr. Mike Edwards, 3905 Clayton Avenue, L.A. CA 90027. Hungry to commit dead serious replies only.

LEAN, INTEL, HOT

W/M, prof 38, seeks same for intense lusty leather adventure with honest sensitivity and humor Box 87104 San Diego 92138

VERY HOT ITAL

BB, bltm 29 yrs. wants no contact. Training in humil B&O bodyworship. Break me in! 213-650-0475

Wanted, Blacks into enemas! Only serious reply P.O. Box 5233, Culver City, CA 90231-5233

WANTED NO. S.D. COUNTY

G/W/M, young 50's, hung, horny. Nudist, exhibitionist, seeks correspondence, exchange of hot photos. Possible meeting to explore interests and more. Any age/race Box 4079

ENGLISH BONDAGE SLAVE

Early thirties visiting Los Angeles area for 8 weeks September, looking for contact with experienced masters. Slave into bondage rubber suspension cops and dungeons. Box 406

GREEDY L.A. ASSHOLE

Needs serious action with other hot versatile men who can work this insatiable hungry mans big shaved hole. Fisting, huge dildoes, 2 hand punching heavy stuffing with this handsome w/m 30 year old moustached man. Photo/phone Box 4076

38, W/M MASC. SEEKS

Mature, assertive men for good, hot sex. Call til 3 AM (202)547 9273

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

CONNECTICUT

LEATHER BIKE DOMINANT

Experienced S/M biker digs slaves/bottoms for S/M spectrum full! If our need for leather sex and all it encounters. Discipline, limits respected. Must be ready to perform on demand uniform and cowboy men who have their act together can join in the scenes. Send application and photo. Looking for men who know what leather means. Box 3957

DELAWARE

WESLEY-SUE

Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G W Virgin. Male seeks obedient thin bottoms (16-32) at my cc location. Reply w/photo & resume to: WHB P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HANDBALL DEVOTEE

170 lbs solid muscle, 5'10", 38, dark bearded. InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self-acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF am into all sides of Fr Gr titwork and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? Balls in your court. Write P.O. Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

WELL BUILT

Jrnlry military type W/M 6 ft., 37 180 lbs B cut responds only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want. Service from a highly intelligent animal. No Filth FF or hard drugs. Box 3868

BONDAGE VICTIM

Slender body available for heavy prolonged bondage, bizarre experiments, humiliations. (202) 234-8382

FLORIDA

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top w/ firm but gentle style seeks partners for "training" in heavy bondage + light S + M. Limits respected. Discretion required and assured. Applicant will include photo and phone in application letter (or cassette). Jake Leonard, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave, Sunrise, FL 33313

MASOCHIST

Seeks SADIst for ritual. Can travel. Box 3867

SLIM OBEDIENT HOUSEBOY

Wanted by W/M 33, 5'8", slim body mustache. Ioner. Resume w/photo. Box 4118, Key West, Fla 33041

FLORIDA

Orlando houseboy - s ave applications accepted from slaves 21 & w/m + gny attitude will be trained by 33Y 5'8" bearded master. Serious only. Send resume & photo. Box 4055

ACTION ANYONE

Hot, hunky stud: g/W/m. 29 6' 195# Ready for tops for hot times. Photo & phone gets same. P.O. Box 2814, Boca Raton, FL 33427

WANTED

Good-looking Oriental master for beginner. (305)552-0161

NEED INSTRUCTION

27 new to scene would like instruction. Prefer bodybuilders 20-25 with equipment. Into W.S., enemas and light bon-



EROTIC ART FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

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page Photo-preferred. Box 276 Miami FL 33168.

WANTED: HAIRY ASS TO LICK
This GWM 28, slim, smooth, well hung loves long oral sessions especially rears (yours). Prefer hairy husky older men. Love to exchange hot horny letters. Write to RDA, Box 4001 Key West FL 33040

YOUNG INEXPERIENCED SLAVE
21 GWM 6'1" 150# 8" looking for bearded Slave Trainer Daddy 28-46 yrs. to give me the experience I need into leather BD, GS, tight SM want to learn FF No Scat. Write to Boxholder, PO Box 327 Ocala FL 32678 do not reply after 12/84

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

GEORGIA

ATLANTA SLAVE

28 needs limits expanded by demanding master or group. Very versatile. Write Bobby A. answered Box 4080

ATLANTA

Seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine Box 4078

ATLANTA

S. M. age 30 seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine Box 4078

EXTRA HUNG BROOKS BROS TYPE

Change quick to very demanding oral & nipple torture. Top break. I am 32 170 lbs 10" cock cut & hairy. Am interested only in men like WS/FF piercing and total shaving of crotch. Interested in men with Siamese dicks. Photo gets mine Box 4074

HOT TOP

25 y o b 155 lbs 8" br/bi lean hard & defined, looking for bottoms into spanking d ddoes B/D. JD light S&M etc. Send letter with photo to D Johnson 975 W Peachtree St NE #9A Atlanta, Georgia 30309

W M 37, 6'1", 180 LBS., BB
43" C-32" W Rad hr brd, sks very musc. Br Act man. My place on y Traveling? NE Ga? Yr latr, foto, info gets mine. Muso strong sincere-please Roy, 124 Mulberry St Athens GA 30601

MANLY BLACKS WANTED

By white male pussy, 29. Call me and let me know or come sit over my face and let me smell kiss and tongue clean you Royal Asshole. I receive golden shower, scat, verbal degradation, light whipping/slapping. Masculine Lat. ethnic types okay David Atlanta 404/876-2251

ILLINOIS

GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED

Chicago Master 42 6'3" 190# with well equipped dungeon/playroom wants sub in ss vgs ayes or bottoms for Obedience training bondage humiliation discipline, paddling, C&B work, S&M etc. All limits respected. Novices accepted, race no problem, will be Drummer Dad to deserving studs. A replies answered. Send photo if possible Box 2630 Chicago IL 60690

SHIMMER SHIMMER

Too big to be taken care of right? Let one of Chicago's best slave throats show his incredible talents on you incredible cock. I have a proven record of satisfaction Box 3892

EXHIBITIONIST

G/W/M -35, to correspond with other exhibitionists. To exchange fotos & experience of public hot action & nud-

ty esp at Mardi Gras & rock concerts. Write Messina, Box 10499 Chicago IL 60644

GWM 40 wants brown and yellow bottom red hanky bottom. Send info & photo Jay P.O. Box 832 Chicago IL 60614

YOUNG STUD WANTED

GWM 5'11" 165 brown hair mustache seeks stud who enjoys having cock balls ass, and boots licked. Send photo, phone I will grovel Box 4073

CHICAGO AREA DADDY

W M 40 plus 6' 170 going wants to tie g-g suck & fuck cute slim W/M 21 40. Send phone number photo Box 4075

W M DAD SEEKS W M SON

Sons 18 plus who look and act very boyish write Jay #179 606 W Barry Chicago IL 60657

HORNY LEVI/LEATHER TOP

Aggressive GWM 6' 185 lbs 34" waist Brown hair & eyes short beard and mustache looking for bottoms/slaves into hot sweaty times. Fuck ng. Sucking FF w/s Bondage etc. Reply with photo after

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

23 year old novice, moving to Chicago in June, and is just breaking into leather scene seeks contact with Chicago leathermen (28-32) for an introduction into the lifestyle. Show me how you became leathermen Box 4064

INDIANA

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Submissive W M, 38, 5'8" 135 lbs brn/blu, mustache 6" cut with hungry mouth and ass seeks older Top Master to serve and service. Photo/phone appreciated. Bottom, lives in S W Indiana Box 4065

IOWA

HOT HORNY

Bearded W M 35 145# 5'7" Ready for SM leathersex with safe & sane FF action. We can't afford to wait any longer. Forward photo specs & # to Box 399x

NEED TO BE D APERED?

28 year old married Dad wanting to form lasting relationship with a baby 18-25 small to medium build. Love wear diapers plastic pants cuddling, masturbation? I am looking for you write to Paul P.O. Box 184 Ottumwa IA 52501

NEW TOP IN DES MOINES

Hot athletic 5'11" 165# 37 top wants slim bottom 20-40 for BD C B T/T Married? Lover? Professional? Never answered an ad? Answer this one. Absolute discretion. Limits respected. Send photo application with favorite fantasy to Max, Box 8103 Des Moines, IA 50301

KANSAS

W M 29, NOVICE SLAVE

Seeks master to explore and expand my limits. Need hot top into B/D. C&B shaving piercing, Topeka Lawrence Kansas City. Sir I'm waiting Box 4852 Topeka, KS 66604

LOUISIANA

NOVICE SLAVE

WM 28, B Bl. goodlooking, needs training by sane demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man. P.O. Box 71313 N.O., Louisiana 70172

MARYLAND

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5' 10" 165 lbs. hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions

in my fully-equipped Den. Any age, any service slaves get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore area. Other Masters welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered fast! Box 3533

TURNOED ON BY LEATHER

Garthar Germantown, Lackey, turned on by sight touch, taste of Leather. Would like to be top will ng to start at bottom. Send name and phone only to Pat Box 100, Germantown MD 20767-0100

EASTERN SHORE

W M, 22 5'10" 145, handsome seeks to explore leather sex, photo, letter Box 4029

MASSACHUSETTS

ARROGANT WRITER

Strictly top 33 w beard moustache ft w/tt right bottom man Box 3799

INTERESTED IN MEETING

TEACHER OR FELLOW STUDENT. O/B D. Rubber Rope wool socks and other wool clothing. I am novice to some—virgin to others into leather but not pain. P.O. Box 1458, Boston, MA 02117

C&B TORTURE

GWM 5'8-27 into intense but sane pain call (617)256-2968

W M 44, FORMER MARINE

Doing research on male sexuality expressed in spit shined shoes/boots. Write Ivan Howe Box 191 Milton Village, MA 02187

GWM 18-27

into heavy mutual C&B & TT. Cal. C. (617)256-2968. Leave number for call back

BOSTON B&D CLUB

B&D without the risk. Rope and leather bondage with and without jocks. Photo sessions. Mind discipline, e.g. tit clamps and light flogging if desired. Mostly novices but we aim to please. Write with details of your interests and photo. All replies will be answered. P.O. Box 252 Accord Mass 02018

OVERPOWER ME IN BOSTON

Hot, hairy, hunk, 39, needs limits expanded in being dominated. BD, FF TT sexual abuse dungeon scenes. To set date for my week y overnight, call 207/965-8143

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

I was raised on strict, formal, old-fashioned discipline. Still have the razor strap Dad used on me. Handsome WM 29 seeks others 18-35 with same interest. Call Steve (617)742-3308 Boston

DADDY NEEDED

2 WM lovers seek the right man to complete our household. You should be mature, financially secure, capable of whipping us into shape. We are 31 6'2" 185 30 5'8" 165 into S/M B/D. W/S T/T. Serious replies only. Phone photo to P.O. Box 1338 Boston MA 02117

BUTCH BODYBUILDER

Butch muscular bodybuilder 28. Seeks top who is similar Box 4072

BOTTOM FF BOSTON

My hry blind 39 yo 160# slave w insatiable hole can't get enough fist to satisfy him. Help me fill this extra wide receiver butt. Toys, enemas, stuffing. Just watching considered. P.O. Box 8, 645 Beacon St. Boston, Mass 02215

MICHIGAN

PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM

Muscular WM 5'10", 165, 33, moustache beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked, fisted. Also into B/D. W/S shaving enemas, polaroids, toys. Uniform a great plus. State troopers and

ponies—I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Box 3864

NEW TO DETROIT

W, M 29 6' 170 lbs looking for dog slave to service me. Role reversal, possible. Reply to P.O. Box 1251 Royal Oak Mich 48067. No photo. No answer

MINNESOTA

SLIM MALE WOULD

Like to meet bearded bears for hot sex. Is there any hairy bears in the twin cities who can handle this arrogant son of bitch? Please write and let's get down to fucking. Serious sex only. Force me to service you. Box 3861

SLIM BOTTOM MAN

35, has tight ass that's in need of fucking. Would like to meet muscular Daddy's who would like to be sexually serviced on a regular basis. Box 3819

BONDAGE BUDDY

Aryan master seeks hot bondage correspondence with men 25-35. I'll bind your body and mind with my words. Box 4042

SPANKING

Stroke off a load while hunky partner but firm Minneapolis Daddy 39 warms your butt with his hand, paddle or strap. Write what you've done, and what you need. Jocks and beginners a specialty. Box 4071

MISSISSIPPI

LEATHER SENSUALIST

Jockstrapper, novice bottom seeks experienced help in ball training-pil exploring 5'8", 143# 41 yo. 8 1/2" Please, Sir, convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality. Box 3855

MS GULF COAST

W M age 34 5'11" 180 lbs. Seeks white slave for overnight heavy duty abuse hard whippings, piercing F/F, W/S B/D. Toys & anything else I might want. Limits respected to some degree. If you can't take it, don't reply. Safe, discreet. Box 4030

MISSOURI

2 EXTRA WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Description—experience—photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808

ST. LOUIS AREA

Older guy "dad" type experienced youth leader, interested in young, masculine trim "son" trainee to 30. You can expect affection, encouragement and discipline in bondage. Your letter with picture gets mine. Box 3872

SE MO. AREA

GWM, 36—like to be worshipped. Apply with letter and phone number. Box 4035

LEATHERMASTER NEEDED

Leather bondage, rubber, chastity belts, gags, hoods, butt plugs, enemas, slapping. SIR, please write. Michael Dressel 939 S. Main, Apt. B Independence MO 64050

A FEW GOOD MEN

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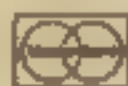


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And hung like a horse into unconventional scenes with creative body-builders, back dwarfs, deaf-mutes and animals. Write disgusting letter with photo to occupant #8, 218 E 11 St. NY NY 10003

G/W/M, 42, 5'8", 147#
Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and trained to be the slave he was born to be. Could you please help me, Sir? Box 3891

SPANKS MUSCLEBOYS
V handsome, powerful, dominant, 88/gymnast, 42"ch, 28"wa, 5'10", healthconscious 32 gives medical examinations/obedience training to v defined cleanshaven cut beautiful 18-25s, preferably gymnasts/dancers. Physique photograph & tel # essential. Box 6029 FDR Station New York, NY 10150

CUBAN DADDY'S BOY
27 5'11" 145 Black hair Green eyes Cuban/Arab tan hairy moustache. Lean hard swimmers body and very goodlooking. French active Greek passive into most raunch. Live to sniff/feel raunchy armpits. Ripe crotches, jock straps, foreskin rubbers, leather, uniforms, aroma, grass, w/s and especially getting fucked and drinking piss. From the hose. Dad must be as tall or taller. Hung, intelligent, M shape, white really into golden showers and love to fuck. Looking for a real man who can appreciate and handle a super hot masculine male cunt. Flight attendant. Travel extensively. 171 West 123 St. #3C NYC, NY 10011. Photo a must!

TOTAL SLAVE REQUIRED
By W/M 34 6'2", 175 mustache hot if you were born to serve, and have the humility and courage to fulfill your destiny, write me immediately w/photo. Your limits will be expanded and you will learn to worship my mind, body and boots without reserve. Box 3755

MUSCULAR SLAVE
Masculine submissive bodybuilder 32 yrs, 175 lbs 5'10", 45 chest 32 waist hard muscled arms and pecs erect nipples, hung, round hard butt, strong legs, dark hair, moustache healthy straight appearing seeks dominant take charge man into SM, obedience training, bondage, humiliation, verbal trips, man to man action. Hot manly attitude more important than looks. Slave travels often. Detailed ltr/pic to Box 890, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011

BOW WOW
W/M 31 6' 180 lbs 88 masc 8" seeks dom guy w/big dog. Serious only. Box 211, 132 W 24th St. NYC, NY 10011

NYC HOT KINKY COUPLE
Hot raunch scene w/other couple four-some/switch/hot play both 30's hung uncut wasp 6' 175 lbs total submissive Greek 5'10" 145 lbs Top/mutual. No limits, lets exchange fantasies and reach new thrills. Call Nikos or B., y 212-594-9382

ATTENTION FOOTSLAVES
Bondage slaves, obedient guys into serving or torture scenes. If you are muscular and ready to submit your will to a muscular 25 year old master write a detailed letter describing how we

you will serve. Travel OK. Box 4022

NY POLICE OLYMPICS
A bany bound? On term cop fantasies 518-696-2900 (discrete) David P.O. Box 194 Lake Luzerne, NY 12846

HOUSE SERVANT—EXHIBITIONIST
Will clean your apartment and serve drinks and meals stark naked, under your (and your guests) commands and supervision—slim young body, hung and uncut, smooth round ass. Box 4033

SIR!
I am 24 5'10" 175, brn/brn, good looking & well built into everything but F and scal. You! Over 30 willing to take control and show me who's really Boss. Would also like my tits re-pierced. Gene Brown 56 Oak St. Yonkers, NY 10701. Photo/letter required. Permanent relationship possible. No feds or feds.

BIG-ASSED DADDIES OVER 35
Who need enemas and Greek. Write T. Gato 147 W 42 Street Room 603 New York 10038. Send nude photo.

PASSIVE HOUSEBOY
WM, 26, wants clean-shaven, hairy-chested, dominant, playful master/daddy type to love and please. Will relocate to live-in. Serious and sincere only. (212)898-0746

BODY AND SOUL
You—Dominant top/horny/aggressive, muscular/40+ intelligent. Me—Italian/hot/bottom/goodlooking caring/45/needs plenty of hot work. Purpose-poss relationship and maybe you as master. Box 4068, LIC NY 11104

MASTER WM 37
SR 170 lbs seeks son tota body and to let service you will be kept naked and chained no limits no excuses. Apply phone and photo to Rock Ctr Sta 2138, NY NY 10185. When I call you will obey.

BUTCH GUY SEEKS DAD BIG BRO
Man, 45, 5'7", 157 wa, built w/m bright, rugged good looks, bearded tattooed, big dick, creative, quite masculine, professionally employed comfortable in leather levis, boots as well as suits & ties. If your another man & feel that we could get something going, I would like to hear from you. Include phone #. Write RCS, PO Box 1064 New York, NY 10022

R U JUICY BULL WHOSE VA
Converts this handsome white uncle, 50 to foot lickin, tongue bathin piss damp, warsh pin cocksucker? Box 78 Brooklyn NY 11230

FISTING SHAVING
And more. Three W/M 2 Lovers and brother. Healthy, slim, clean shaven versatile, youthful, 5'8" seek similar partners 30's or younger. Photo required. Box 269, 70 Greenwich Ave. NYC 10011

EROTIC HANDS WANTED
Am NYC WM early 30's, 5'7", 140, slim, sensual affectionate. Seeks trim, experienced FF Top willing to take on my novice ass and make it wide open in long intense sessions. Send detailed letter. Box LF4046

CROTCH HIGH BOOTED MASTER
Experienced S/M leather biker healthy WM 32 6'3", 180 lbs, seeks biker slaves heavy into boots. Looking for tough action with hot leather biker who knows the meaning of leather and boots. Cigar-smokin cut-off grooved crotch high booted biker with right attitude will fulfill your needs if right dude. Photo with letter only gets reply. Box 4061

ATTENTION FOOTSLAVES

Bondage slaves, torture slaves and obedient guys. If you are muscular and ready to serve a demanding hot 25 year old master in excellent shape, then send a subservient letter describing why you should be chosen to serve my huge tool and size 11 feet! Box 4039

COP SCENE

Informed cop into any cop fantasy M/W 45, 160, looking for same. Also collect cop uniforms. R.A. Post Office Box 689, Brooklyn, New York 11202

MALE CENTURION ANY AGE/RACE

Wanted by W/M 42 to be your whipping boy slave. Into S/M B/D W/S heavy V/A, body shaving, your whims. Mer/hwy pti types welcome to have leathers licked & receive total body service on or buddies discreet. Better if you have place. Call 516-285-5181 M/F 10pm/6am., 24 hrs weekends J/O ca a welcome Write Box 3092 GC Sta NY NY 10017

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus pubt bondage—coercion scenes) Seek athletic/ masc/ musc B/B's into elaborate verbal, rough man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock/ balls/ tits / ass being chained whipped, camped, stretched, oiled waxed used any way your master, captor sees fit, forcing you to admit what you really are/ want/ beg for. Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as tier cules/ Tarzan by strong demanding imaginative gladiator/ sex master. Photo, phone, address detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life. No hustlers/ fakes/ fems. Box 3566

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DOMINATING DAD

Enjoys wrestling with his well built boy either in fun or to punish him for disobedience. Slapping, hits, feet humiliation all part of it. Not if son occasionally beats the big man. Let's hear from you boy! P.O. Box 655, NYC NY 10163

GASMASKED LEATHER GUY

Looking for same. Fetish for boots rubber, gags. Some bondage. Aromas. Will experiment. Looks, age not important. Motorcycle & plus. (212)657-4195 Box 4085

N.Y.C. OR L.I.

GWM 35-57" 200 Bearded s-ave Sir I'm looking for—salaric leather master into slave can server & worships. You SIR, into B&D WS bodyshaving FF and kinds of anal entry, enemas and other sport, seek white master with beard. Age 25 to 40—How is look for s-ave total y submissive. I am able to endure in moderate to heavy pain & ball torture, tits work, body piercing, whipping, prolonged immobilization. Sir I am serious slave, who—prayer punishment abuse. Humiliation & expects nothing but pain torment and discomfort from serious master. How can balancing pleasure with pain. Send photo and orders J.H. P.O. 536 Long Beach NY NY 11561

NORTH CAROLINA

GOOD HOT SEX

Saisbury N.C., 36, 5'8" built well hairy uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 masculine well built, not fat well hung men. That get into a hot ass & throat. Toys dildoes, assplay most scenes except heavy pain & FF. Answer all photo and phone answered first. Come visit Piedmont N.C. You won't forget it! Will travel Box 3860

OHIO

MASTER WANTED

Good looking guy 22 5'2" 180 seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse, etc. P.O. Box #236, Galloway OH 43119

GWM AGE 37 TIRED OF BARS

And usual neile queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man. Am Greek Passive and French A/P and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No fems please. Box 3873

STRICT DADDY NEEDED

Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs. mid 30s, smooth chest. Daddy should be W/M under 50 with firm hand, w/de leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Drummer Box No 3884

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

51 yr old 160# 6'1" Looking for "Boy" who is hvy into Boot and Leather subservience. No heavy pain, scat, torture. Ph. evs until 11 P.M. 513-423-5159

HUNGRY HOLE

W/M 28, 6' 150 lbs, horny bottom. Seeks hung leather topmen into fucking, dildoes, FF, TT, bondage, spanking and paddles. No latex, fems or scat. Box 4028

OKLAHOMA

ATTENTION SLAVE(S)

Applications now being taken for temporary or permanent servitude by 2/W Masters. Into all scenes, except heavy pain, scat, or serious injury. All limits considered but your duty is to satisfy your Master. First timers welcome. Seeks (18-35). Send detailed application with photo to: Sir's P.O. Box 23561 Oklahoma City OK 73123

OREGON

DOMINATE MALE

6' 175# seeks firm w/m for B/D S/M. Interest important not experience. Photo Box 3842

SEEKING

Seeks dominant leather Master. Into raunch, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P.O. Box 19759, Portland 97219. Sir I'm

UNCUT BOTTOM

32 140 lbs bearded W/S submission boots, leather scat. Box 3871

COLLEGE BODYBUILDER

22, seeks hot leather/uniform topmen for fantasy fulfillment. Photo and fantasy to Box 4114

NOVICE MASTER

Bond blue beard 6' 165 lbs 34 handsome masculine seeks experienced or novice slave-son for monogamous relationship based on mutual trust and love. Am into ass play dildoes, fucking, enemas, bondage, spanking and I to S&M. No filth. Lots of cuddling and affection also. Slave must be bearded 21-35, goodlooking and trim. This is your chance to show me how to tie you up for life! Photo essential. Box 4038

AM LOOKING

For uniforms to buy, mail order or otherwise. Please send info. Also looking for hot men into uniforms. B/D Rick 2226 NE 13th Portland, OR 97212 503-284-7817

SLAVE WANTS BLACK MASTER

Mid thirties professional 5'10" 165 lbs GWM wants permanent relationship. Works out regularly. Willing to be into anything you want. New at this. P.O. Box 2861 Portland, Ore., 97208-2861



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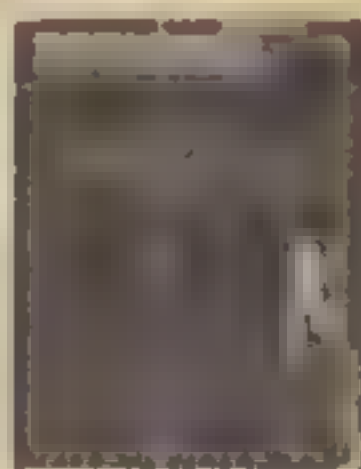
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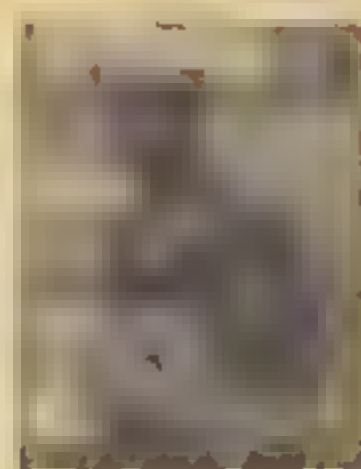
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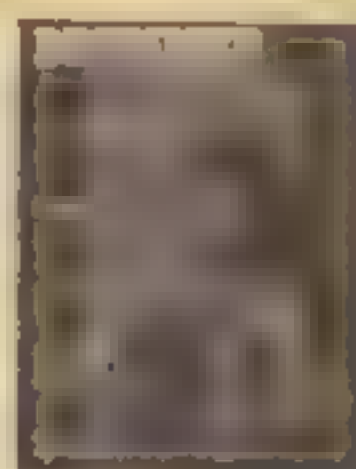
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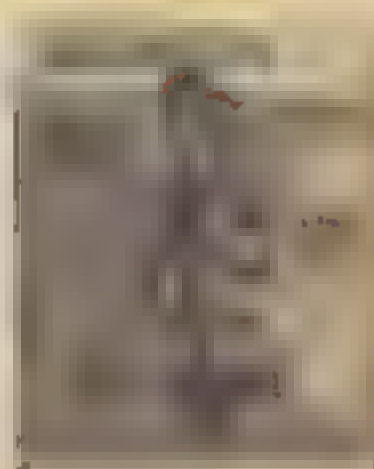
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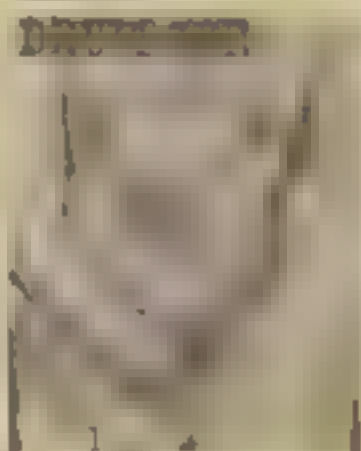
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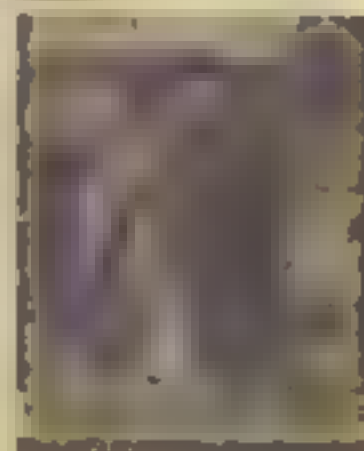
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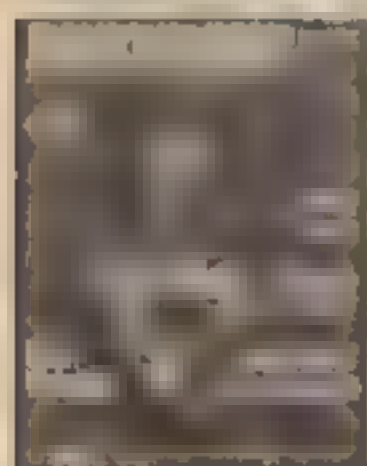
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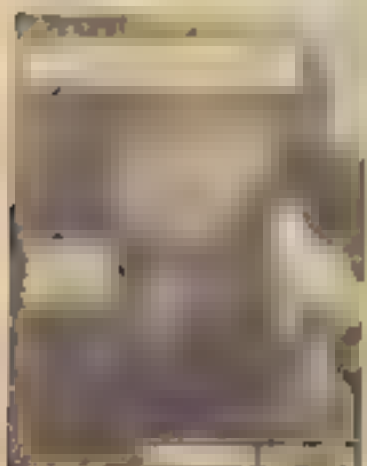
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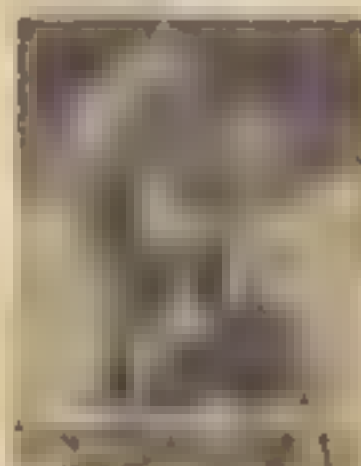
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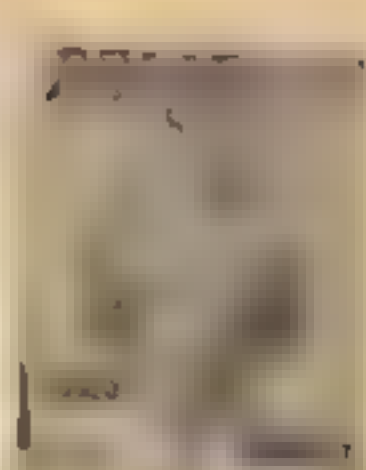
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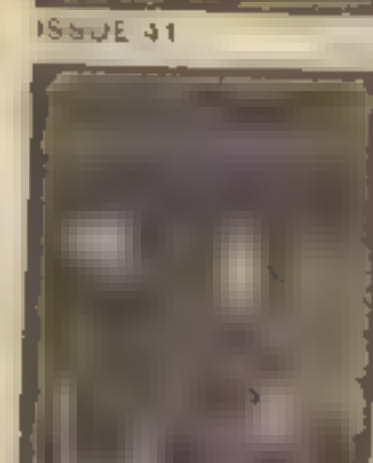
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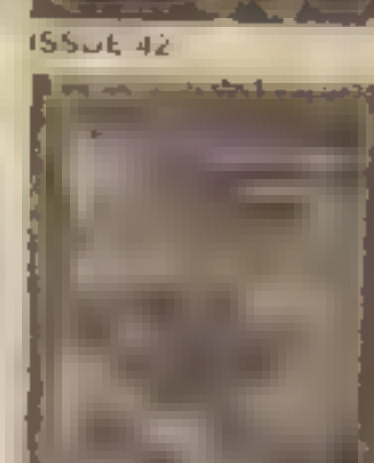
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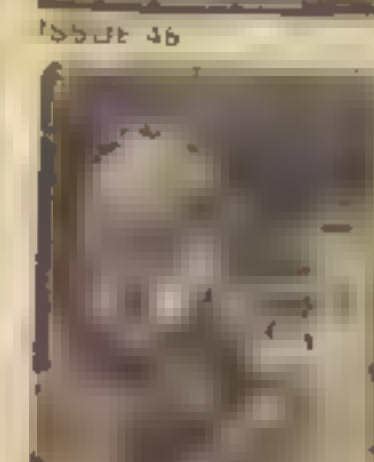
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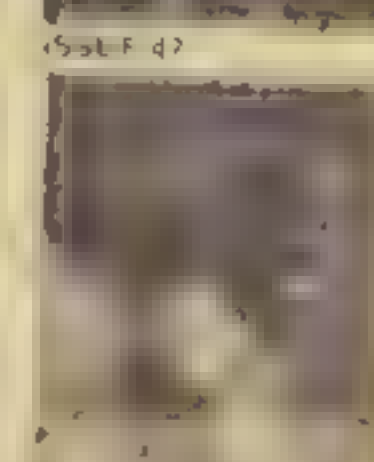
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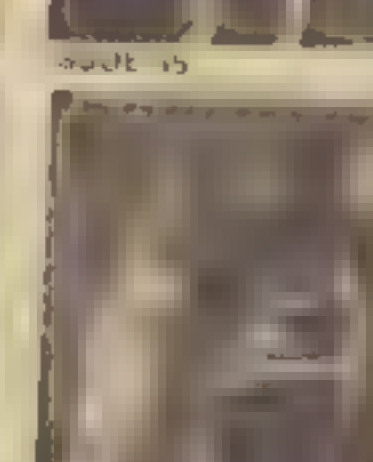
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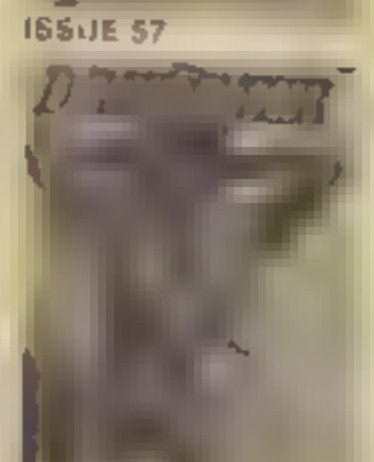
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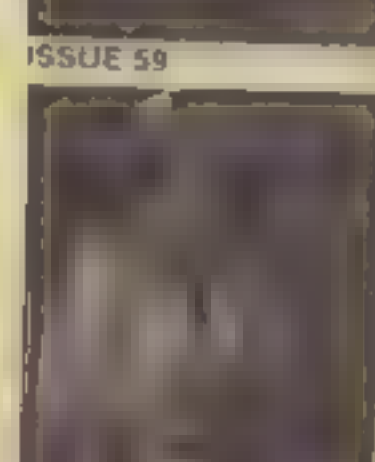
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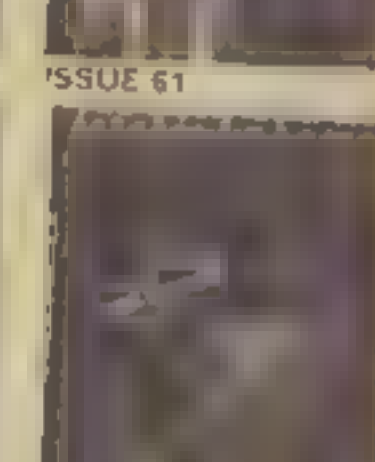
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SWEAT

W M 29, 6'4", 205 Muscled goodlooking, blond, hung clean. Into j/o, 3-ways leather rough play Want clean goodlooking, muscled men (especially bodybuilders or athletes). A I who send photo get answer Box 6945, Portland OR 97228

PENNSYLVANIA

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 6', 170# br hair gr eyes swimmers build, straight appeal gdlkg., 8 1/2" cut, dig real men S&M CBT poppers J.O GR FR a/p—rough wild & kinky sex. J.C. P.O. Box 1454 Uniontown Pa 15401

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Who's—into leather-B&D light S&M Must give me your mind as well as body I am W-6-175# A1 man Have leather fuckroom with racks-sling & toys—Can't handle it don't answer Just fuck off Box 3887

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PITTSBURGH AREA

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WET PANTS

Small spots or totally soaked share interests with bearded W M 42 into W S in Lavis Wit answer all who send pictures 2698 Harrisburg Pike Lancaster PA 17601

LONEY, NOVICE FARMBOY

Looking for a hot dad to make me into his boy No experience but very willing to learn with the right man to guide me I'm 24, 155 lbs., 5'10" brown/green Smooth slim body with a fat 6 1/2" cu cock You over 30 at least 6' 180 lbs

Must be all man and own at least a 750cc scooter Only possessive fathers looking for a long lost son need reply Davie P.O. Box 2264 Uniontown PA 15401

HOT TOUGH YOUNG M

6'2", 170 lbs 27 yrs. 8 1/2", very athletic needs to be trained by demanding hard master into domination endless fucking ass play-toys. B&D light S&M huge cocks-very deep throat Expand my limits as you see fit—Sir J.B. 100 Denniston St Apt #12 Pittsburgh PA 15206

DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE!

RHODE ISLAND

HOT COUPLE

Well built 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang ups. F F W S. and raunch welcome P.O. Box 8641, Cranston, Rhode Island 02920

GWM, 25, 5'9"

130 attractive, intelligent masculine seeks similar GWM into S&M B&D far tasy wrestling feet, etc for friend over Letter & Pic Box 2122 Pawtucket R.I 02861

SOUTH CAROLINA

WANTED

Master W M age 38, 6' 200# Seeks younger white (18+) Bottom slave Novices accepted. Limits and discretion honored Write with your scene P.O. Box 61113, Columbia, SC 29261

TENNESSEE

LEAN INTENSE, SENSUAL

Bisexual man is interested in finding another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch smell

taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide The energy I want to share is so basic and honest It seems few guys know it exists Long slow mind-n-soul fuckin is where it all begins. If you too need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has you may have found your partner I'm 6ft 150 lbs 43 yrs, greying black hair beard and moustache with a natural uncultured that'll hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right Dig sweat hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, swinging balls, and other natural delights If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight shoot a no bullshit note my way Travel is possible

TEXAS

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL

GWM, 32, 5'8" 147 lbs seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect You are tall athletic and aggressive I am slim smooth defined Fidelity desired. Limits expandable Photos please Sir RKS. Box 270069 Houston, Texas

GWM AGE 45

New to S&M Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits Houston TX area. Box

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish" Box 3853

W M 29 5'10" 140 lbs seeks slave for long term B/D. Leather, Lavi No false-terms only serious into bondage need

answer and cut for total domination. Mr Lenze, P.O. Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234.

Hot W.M 37 6'1", 185 lbs, healthy professional masculine. Somewhat new to scene but eager to learn. Seeks hot dominant Top Master for B/D CBT/T W S, hot wax dildoes/toys, V/A etc No FF, scat, shaving. Tx Louisiana NYC Please send letter and photo Sir for prompt response! Suite 169, P.O. Box 66973, Houston, Tx 77006

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG, Kai who's story appears in MACH 6 I am seeking contact with interested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human male to become a dog Would like contact from gay professionals of all levels (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors kennel operators or suppliers) who are into S M Objective goal—to found training center/kennel facility Potential dogs masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information Write to W.B. at P.O. Box 570791 Houston Texas 77257-079

W M 49 5'9" 161 into leather rubber police uniforms enemas tits toys I'm S M versatile Also theatre class cal music, motorcycling and intelligent conversation Educated professionally employed Seeks like-minded younger friend No feds or over weights Bob 214-526-7354

CRIPPLED SON WANTED

Amputee son/slave by Texas Daddy 18 to 7, well-built regless or one-legged (consider arm amputee) You need want Daddy to care/love/punish you when needs Daddy 50 husky baiding

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HOT TWOSOME

1-34, 6, built, hung: 1-44, 58" tight
hung looking to share fantasies, light
S&M med bondage, toys, willing to
explore further. Send letter & photo.
gets same—no scat marks, blood fats
or fern Box 4041

DADDY/MASTER

25-40 wanted, 26, 5'10" 155# BD,
WS, CBT, TT. Expand limits. No scat,
FF. Photo please, 81r. Dallas area.
Box 4053.

BRUTALITY/PAIN

Serious young slave seeks demanding
merciless master for long term rela-
tionship Ext hvy's/m B&D CBT shav-
ing w/s, electrocution, etc. Absolutely
no limits Slave 18 5'7" 160 lbs brn-brn
lan & attractive. Prefer Austin area.
Respond with requirements photo Box

YOU'LL KNOW THE MEANING

Of dominance when you submit to this
macho, cigar smoking Houston leath-
erman. Bearded hairy, 27 6' 180, look-
ing for masculine bottoms into
sucking, rimming, fucking W/S, B/D
TT, C&BT. If you worship cocks cigars
and leather submit letter and upper
half (at least) nude photo for consid-
eration. Absolutely no feds, drugs. Box

DALLAS PART TIME SLAVE WANTED

W/M 27 5'9" 130 into leather, bondage
dildoes, enemas and spanking. Look-
ing for sum 18-25 year old white boy
willing to learn the ropes. send foto &
phone Box 4082

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

VIRGINIA

WRESTLE INTO BONDAGE

Hot aggressive 30's Italian bottom will
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W/M 47, 5'7", 145, black hair, moust-
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28 year old w/m master 6'0" 195 mus-
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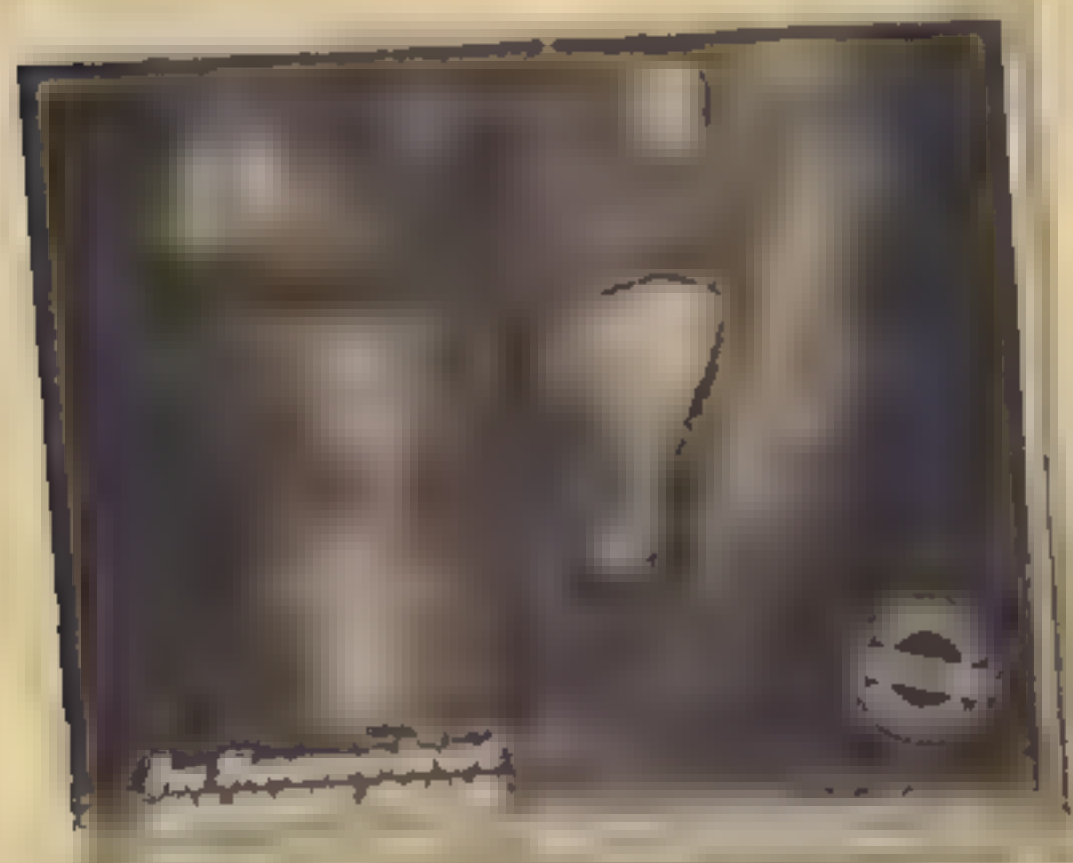
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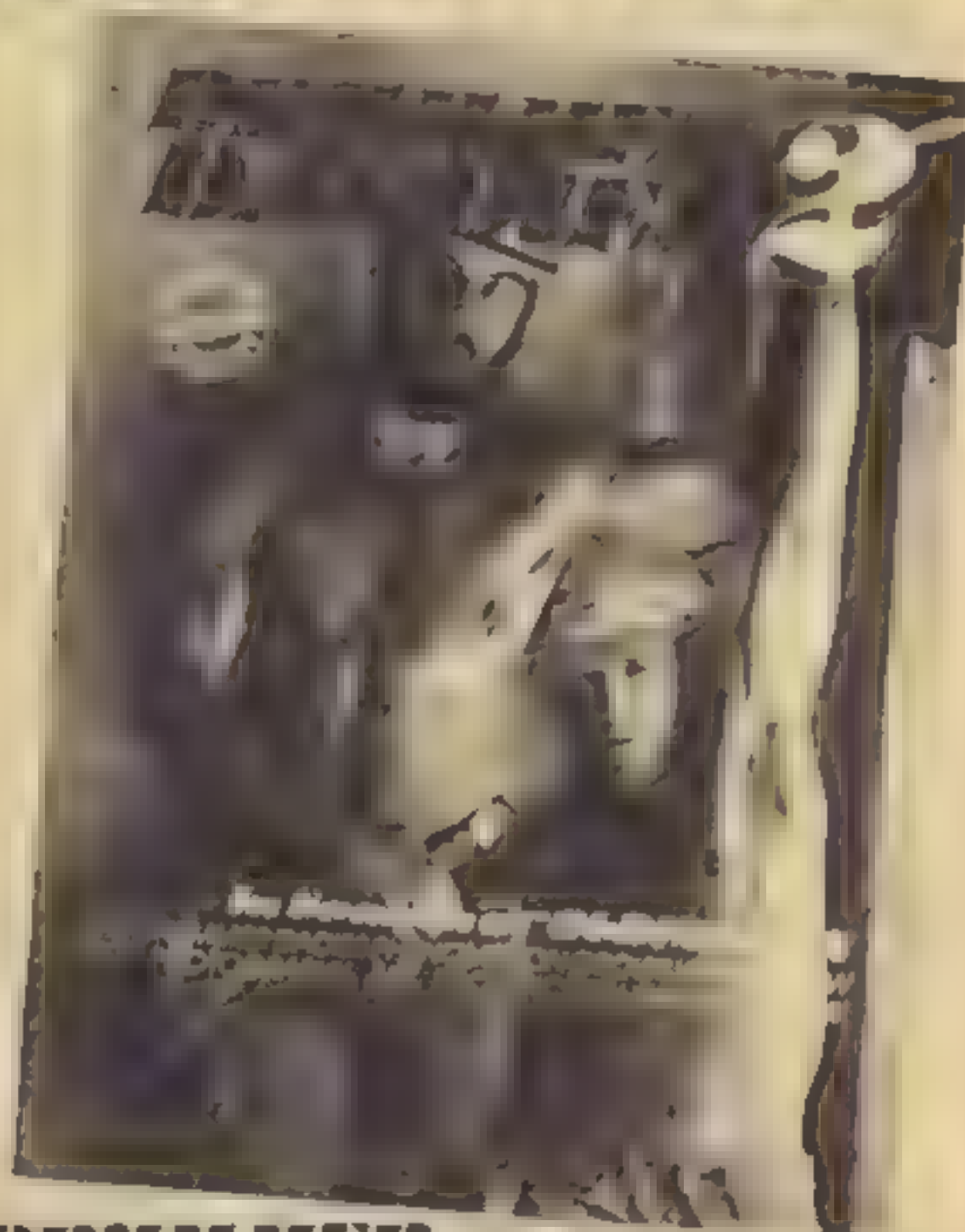
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The Search for Older Men begins! It started in *Drummer* when we put out a call for Daddies and their sons to share their personal case histories—and did they ever! Pretty soon it was clear that we'd discovered a genuine sensation, and the phenomenon grew too big for even *DRUMMER* to contain it—and *DRUMMER DADDIES* was born.

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AUSTRALIAN FROM DOWN

Wants to correspond, one day meet with patient understanding Master or readers of Drummer. I am submissive

bottom guy 40. 5'10", 188 lbs. Red hair blue eyes 6 1/4 thick uncut cock. Toothless mouth. Box 3981

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AMERICAN MANAUS

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BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170

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seeing is believing

slave and master video presents
fisting ballet

The place New York City's Mineshalt. The partners are known as the Tantric Master, the other as Leather Rick. The object: physical and spiritual ecstasy. See the Tantric Master work climb and swing from the rafters while he and Leather Rick maintain a strangely compassionate unity of body and mind. For the viewer, a spectacle that is simultaneously awesome and graceful.

fist & fire
This tape consists of a shorter version of fisting ballet plus a dazzling demonstration of hot wax techniques.

lashed!
Here's number 3 in the Mineshalt trilogy and it highlights the fine arts of flogging and bondage.

These tapes, filmed live at the Mineshalt, were produced by Inter Vision Video and directed by Dave Nesor.

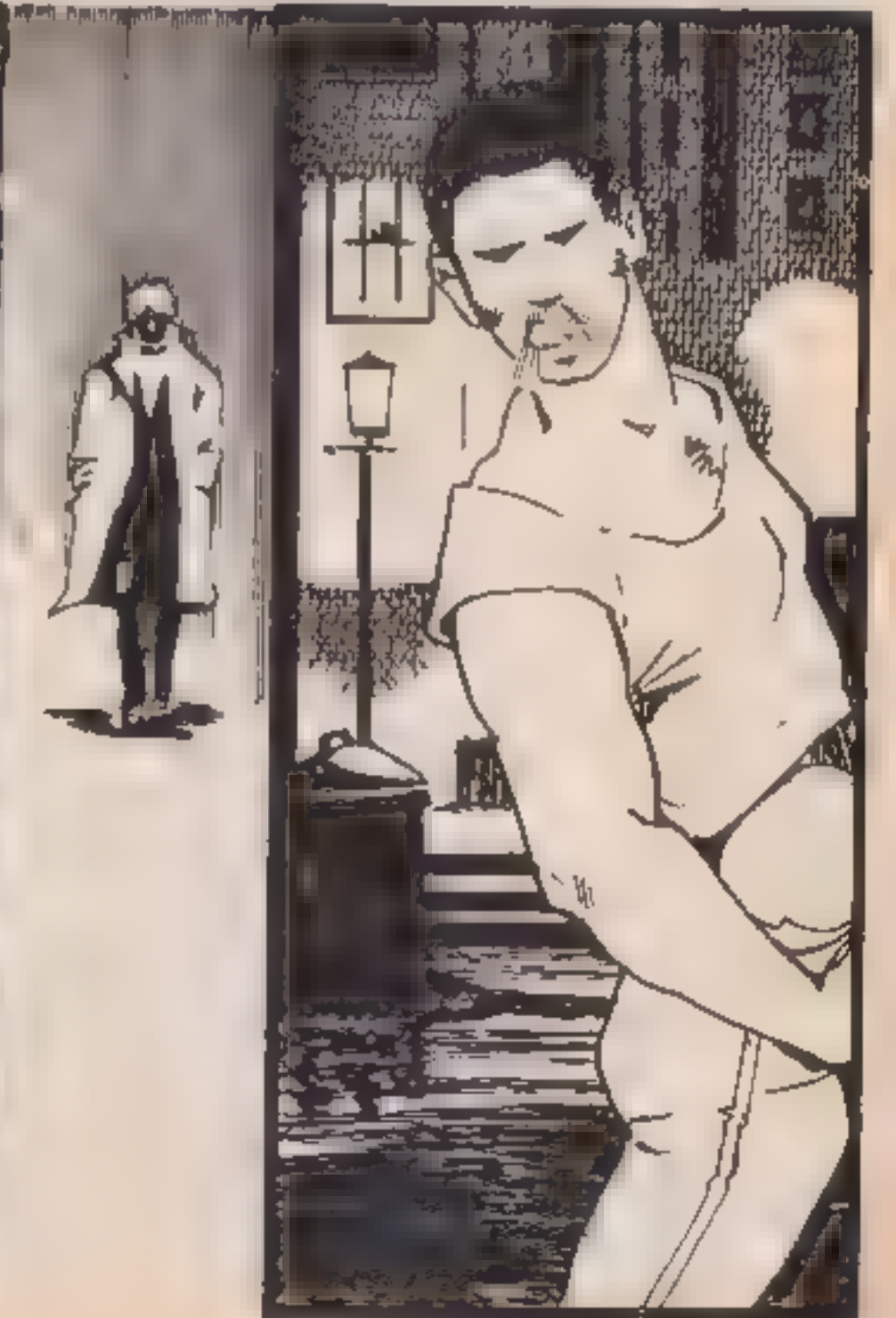
Drummer Magazine calls Slave and Master absolutely authentic SM video.

\$85 each plus \$3 shipping. To order, send m.o., cash or check or VISA or MasterCard number (with expiration date), with a statement that you are over 21 and whether you want VHS or Beta or write for free brochure (stating that you are over 21.)

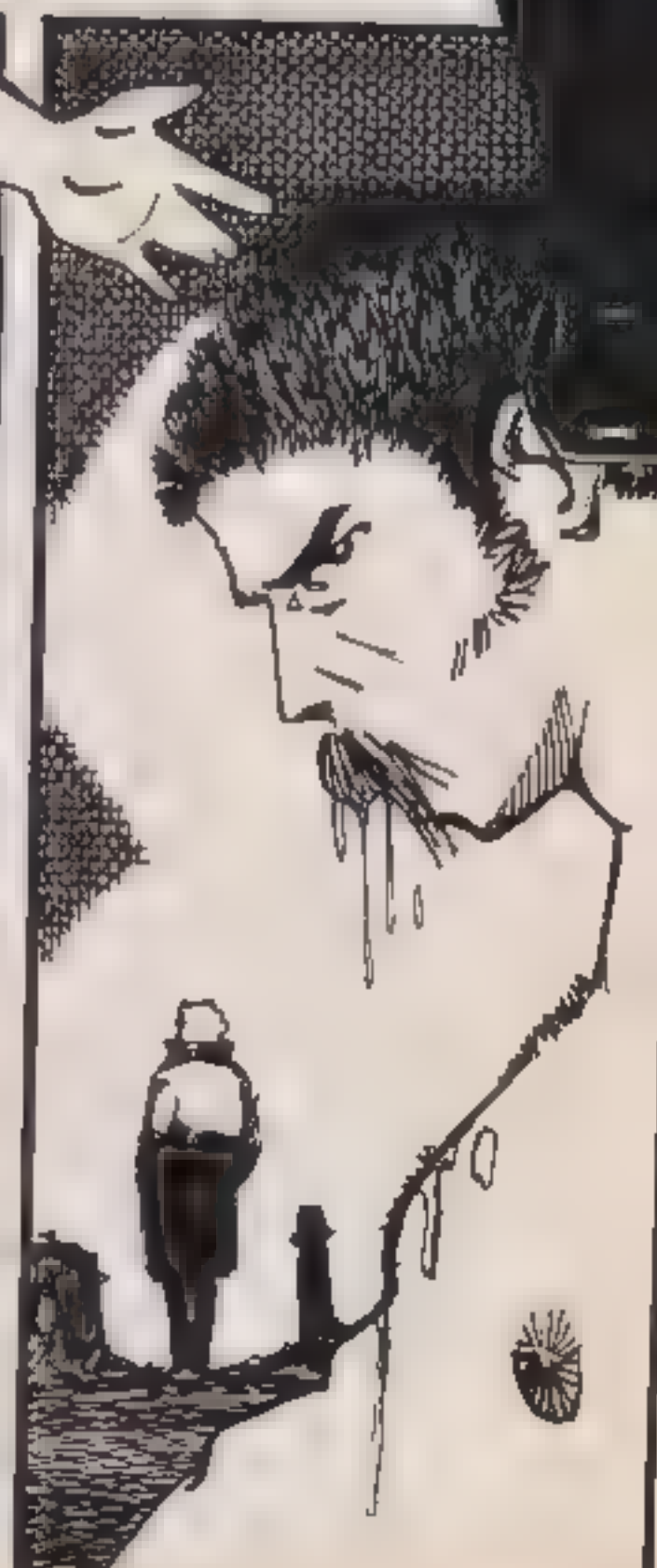
Slave & Master
1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610

A black and white photograph of a man lying on his side, looking towards the camera. He is wearing a dark, possibly wet, garment. A small cassette tape is visible in the foreground. The background is a plain, light-colored surface. The overall tone is sensual and intimate.

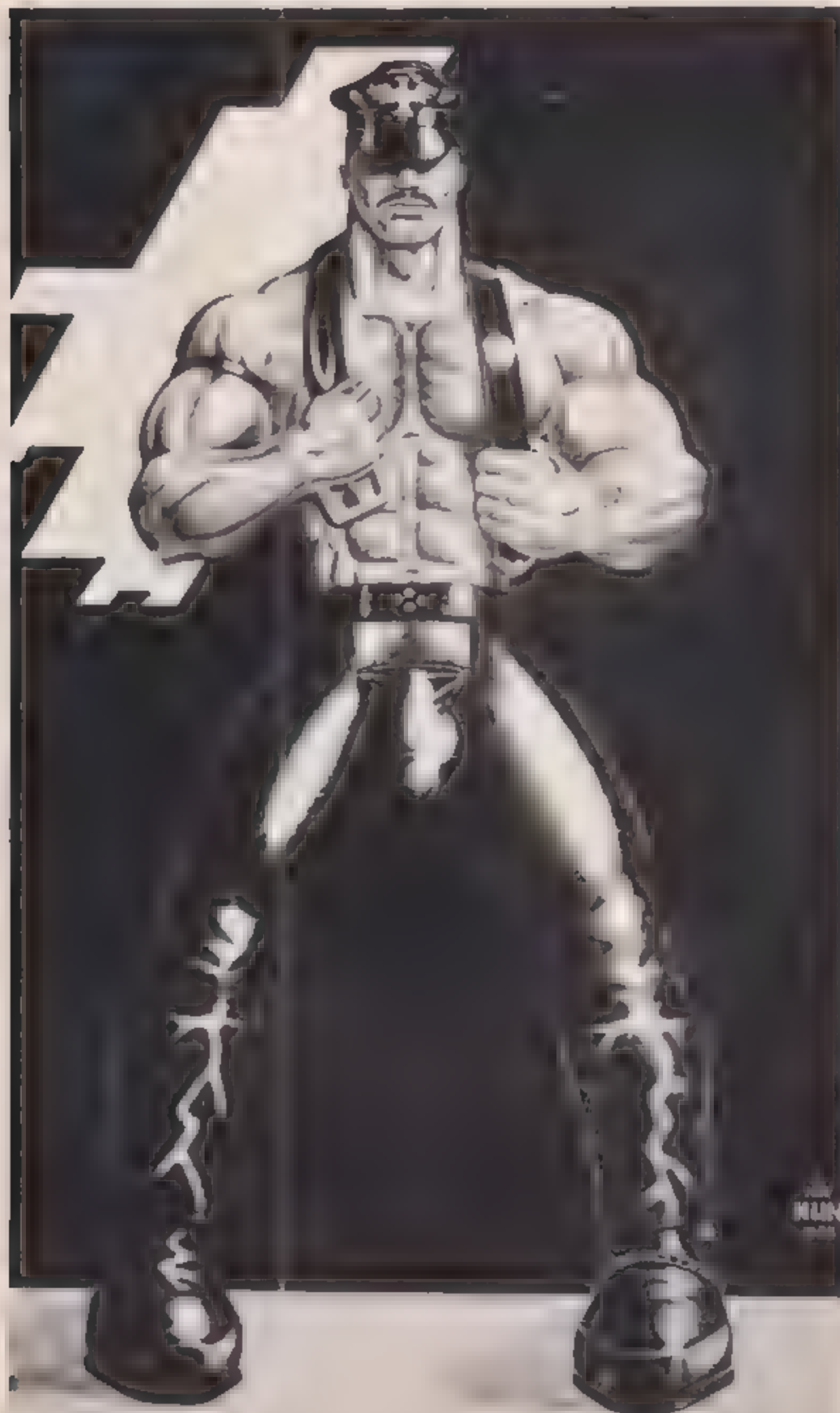
72 DRUMMER







INTERNATIONAL LEATHER SCENE



HUN(K) ART

In print and available at last: the first collection of erotic art by the notorious Hun. Famous for his unflinching visions of bondage and torture, an inspired eye for muscularity and fetishistic detail, and more recently for his own outrageous brand of one-fisted fiction (see "The Interrogation" in *Drummer* 68), the Hun has now issued his own collection of manly art: *Hun Book One*.

Debuted earlier this year at The Black Party at Probe in Los Angeles, *Hun Book One* is printed on heavy stock in striking black and white. Subject matter in the 35 drawings ranges from leather/levi Masters and slaves to muscle-bound barbarians, with a few touches of romance among the mostly hard-edged fantasies. A catalog/index gives details on titles, medium and models, as well as on who owns the originals and where certain illustrations were first published. (A few of these you may have already jacked off to in *Drummer*, but most have never before been seen.)

Hun Book One is available at select outlets, including Male Hide Leathers in Chicago, A Different Light in New York and Los Angeles, and The Studstore in San Francisco. Hun fans in the hinterlands can order it directly from the Hun himself by sending \$10 plus \$1.50 postage to Box 19240-A, Los Angeles, CA 90019. A simple buck sent to the same address will get you the Hun's current brochures and place you on his mailing list (tell him you're over 21). Messages of submission and undying loyalty are also accepted.

MARDI GRAS NEVER STOPS

Mardi Gras in the midst of the World's Fair? Why not? Starting June 30 and continuing through July 6, Partners Saloon (New Orleans' popular western/leather bar and home of Lancers M.C.) will be hosting "Carnival in July." In keeping with Carnival tradition, there will be a different theme party each night.

A highlight will be the opening event, a Mr. and Mr. Partners Poster Look-Alike Contest, sponsored by the Lords of Leather. Rules: One partner must be in leather, the other in western wear. The winning duo will receive a trophy (everybody in New Orleans should own a trophy for something) and reign over the 'Mardi Gras in July' party that caps off the week's festivities on July 6.

Partners Saloon is located at 718 N Rampart Street. Phone (514)523-9265, or



MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER 1984: Held May 1-3 at the Park West in Chicago, the 6th annual edition of the Mr. International Leather contest saw the selection of a champion. Above center, Mr. Leather Co. (sponsored by Denver Men of Leather). Moore is flanked by third runner-up Jack Banks (left) and second runner-up Michael Merritt (both of San Francisco). Below, the San Francisco contingent: the contest prior to their departure for the Windy City. Left to right: Banks sponsored by the Brig; Merritt, the Area 3 (Los Angeles); and Peter Todd (Chaps). Almost 2,000 attended the contest, which featured 40 contestants. Photos by Master Martin (above), and Robert Prazan.





CLEAN-SHAVEN: A graphic demonstration of the total body shave, performed at the 24-hour SM Marathon in Seattle. Hosted by The Club and Vancouver Activists in SM, the event made waves in the Seattle leather community. Photo by Steve Foiles

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drop by any time—they're open 24 hours a day.

As for the Lords of Leather, the "newest crewe in New Orleans" reports a rousing success with its first-time Leather Coronation of Lord King and Lord Consort at this year's Mardi Gras. According to Lord Chancellor Bob Brown, advance word in International Leather Scene brought in a large out-of-state contingent. Riding high, the Lords of Leather are already planning for next year's coronation of Lord King II and his Lord Consort II, to be held February 18, 1985, Mardi Gras Eve, at Partners Saloon. Info: Lords of Leather, PO Box 71205, New Orleans 70172

NEW LONDON LEATHER

The newest from Great Britain: the opening of Expectations, an emporium and showroom that promises "the ultimate experience of leather and rubber." All items are personally made on the premises with custom designing and repair available. Expectations also claims the lowest prices in London, with a guaranteed refund on the difference in price if a buyer finds a similar quality item elsewhere for less. That's what we call leather integrity.

The next time you're in London, drop in. Tell 'em *Drummer* raised your expectations. The address: 56 Hoxton Square, London N1 6PB, Telephone: 01-739 0292. Readers in Great Britain can send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the latest Expectations price list.

SEATTLE SM MARATHON

One way to beat the rainy day blues in Seattle: Stage a nonstop 24-hour SM Marathon. This report comes from Steve Foiles, leatherman, biker, and writer for *Seattle Gay News*.

"Graphic demonstrations of sadomasochistic techniques gripped the attention of a sell-out crowd at The Club 918 E Pike Street, in April. Attendees in denim and leather watched demonstrations of bondage, body shaving, and electrotorture—all performed on volunteers, of course. The demonstrations were part of a 24-hour SM Marathon put on to increase understanding and improve safety among Seattle practitioners of SM.

The event was sponsored by Vancouver Activists in SM (VASM). The British Columbia club's announcement stated: "It is the contention of VASM and The Club that consensual, erotic SM practices and relationships can and should be healthy, safe and positive ways for gay males to express and explore our sexuality and emotions.

Free-lance experimentation of various techniques went on throughout the afternoon, night and morning. One guest invented and demonstrated the use of a new device which he dubbed "Port-a-trick," a refrigerator dolly rigged for



SWEDISH RUBBER: These candid shots were submitted to International Leather Scene by Scandinavian Leather Men (SLM) of Stockholm. The group's annual international bash, *The Baltic Battle* (discussed last issue), should be taking place at about the time you're reading this. As these pictures prove, the club's interests extend beyond leather into the realm of heavy rubber. The Swedish word for rubber, by the way, is "gummi" —just so you'll know what to ask for next time you're looking for water-proof action in Stockholm. To contact the group, write SLM-STOCKHOLM, Box 9239, S-102 73 Stockholm, Sweden

bondage. The inventor's first victim was wheeled around The Club, blindfolded, for about two hours as a sort of mobile conversation piece.

Other spontaneous demonstrations included the use of slings, a "meat hoist," and the technique of using Mylar wrap.

The most startling demonstration started at midnight—sort of saving the best for last. Two men in scanty leather were strung by legs and arms to eyebolts in the ceiling and wired to medical machines. Dean of Seattle explained that his "victims" were lightly restrained to protect them from self-inflicted injury. As he conducted the electrotorture lesson with expertise, total calm, and dry wit, it became apparent why the restraints were necessary.

The two men twitched, clenched their teeth, and sometimes jerked startlingly as extremely low wattages pulsed in waves through their bodies. Dean, an old pro at these demonstrations, said that these sessions do not produce any lasting harm in the "victims," although they may experience soreness, similar to that following a good workout, the next day.

Expertly swishing the electrical connectors and round washers in salt water (to improve conductivity and eliminate skin burns), Dean explained that he has been involved in shocking games since the age of 13. He emphasized that the two men were not in pain.

They agreed. Despite the way the two jerked and twitched involuntarily, they insisted that the experience was an enjoyable one. "It's like waves of warmth and pleasure rush through your body," one young Hercules told the crowd. Dean displayed an astonishing variety of sex toys, all wired for sound, though he didn't get to use even a fraction of them.

Every time is different," said one of his regular partners. "He has so many different toys." The man said that it was a wonderful experience to finally meet someone who was into this rare sport, and indulge in it at will. Dean is also very cautious about safety, explaining for example that he didn't attach wires above the waist, to avoid affecting internal organs.

The show began at 5 p.m. Saturday with a rope bondage demonstration by Bump. Utilizing the many eyebolts in the

wooden frame set up as a stage in the TV room, Bump emphasized the aesthetic features of bondage, and imposed a symmetry of pattern as he wrapped cotton rope round and round about a slim young body. The two-hour bondage event showed several techniques of single-person bondage, and ended with a spectacular three-man wrap, the Tripod.

Bump uses a wide variety of chains, shackles, cuffs and hooks in his sport. He said that it took him about five years to collect the equipment on display. He was clearly serious about his skills, and demonstrated a virtuosity unsuspected by novices such as this reporter.

The second demonstration had Gary shaving the entire body of a seemingly reluctant victim. The constantly squirming blond man, spread out on a couch, subjected himself to a number of harmless nicks before he was gently but firmly restrained by volunteers from the audience. Gary employed Crisco (as a lubricant) and a gleaming straight razor while delivering an instructional monologue about the particulars of hair removal for fun and games.

"10 Years European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs"

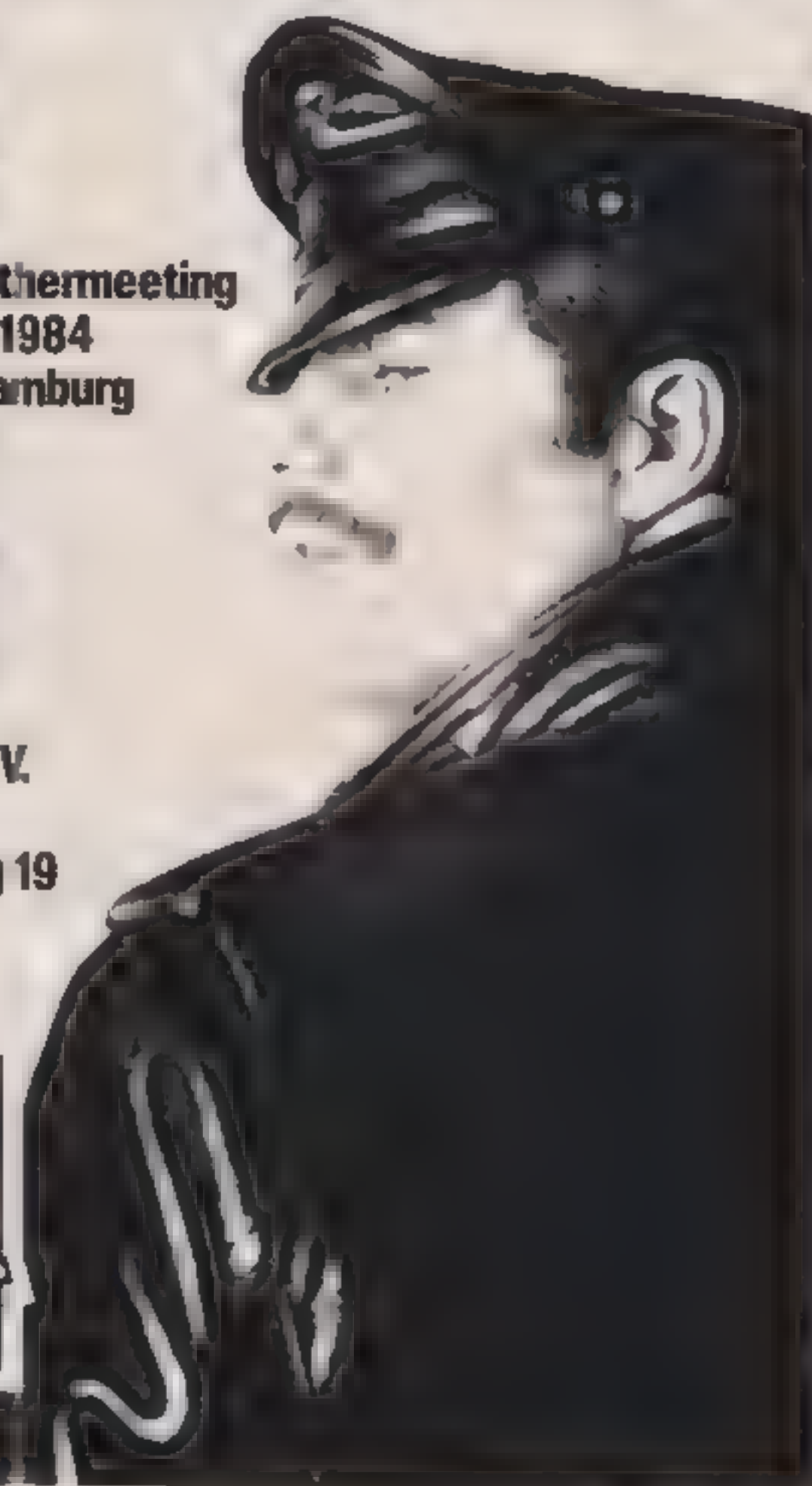


1974-1984

**International Leathermeeting
August 10th-12th, 1984
at Bauernhaus Hamburg**



**hosted by
MSC Hamburg e.V.
P.O.Box 7683
D-2000 Hamburg 19**



BIG DOINGS IN HAMBURG: Mouthwatering art by Tom of Finland graces this announcement for the upcoming tenth anniversary of the European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs. The celebration will also see the selection of the first Mr. Europe Leather

The audience circulated freely about the stage to get close-up glimpses of the lengthy, exhausting process. Gary's extensively tattooed body was shining with sweat when he was done.

The 24-hour event, a first for Seattle, was conducted in an atmosphere of friendliness and frankness. The crowd stayed to watch movies and munch a Sunday buffet right up until the closing bell at 2 p.m.

It was a unique chance for Seattle gay men to learn about activities which are often only whispered, and only learned about by experience. The men present formed an open camaraderie with their fellow SM devotees; undoubtedly, the spirit of freedom and experimentation registered during the 24 hours will bloom again—tempered by greater knowledge, sensitivity and awareness of the hazards

and pleasures of SM games

MR. EUROPE LEATHER

August, 1984, will see one of the biggest weekends in European leather history. The annual meeting of the MSC-Hamburg leatherclub is always special, but this year it will also mark the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs (ECMC), plus the first-time-ever selection of Mr. Europe Leather.

Festivities will begin with a welcoming party at Hamburg's Chaps bar (corner of Woltmannstrasse and Hoyerdamm) on Friday, August 9. A rapid climax is scheduled for the following night, with the selection of Mr. Europe Leather at the Fabrik, Barnerstrasse 32 in Hamburg-Altona. A cool-down starts on August 11

with a motorcycle run, barbeque, and sightseeing tour (by boat), then builds to another climax with the really big event of the weekend—the Ten Year Jubilee Party for ECMC, starting at 9 p.m. in the famous Bauernhaus im Volkspark, featuring dancing, movies, live entertainment and special guest stars.

Europe's big leather weekend will then end where it began, with a free brunch and farewell party back at Chaps on Sunday.

Throughout the weekend, there will be numerous other special events and features, including an art exhibit organized by Revolt Press, special sauna arrangements, and discounts offered by New Man, an "action and movie center." And of course the most memorable events will be those arranged by individual leathermen for their own amusement.

For information on all these events, contact: MSC-Hamburg e.V., PO Box 7683, D-2000 Hamburg 19.

SMART SET

SMART, a quarterly "Newsletter of Gay SM" published in London, continues to be one of the more interesting leather/SM publications coming out of Europe. SMART's third issue, released in May, is an all-glossy 20-page production filled with art, advertising, and some very good writing.

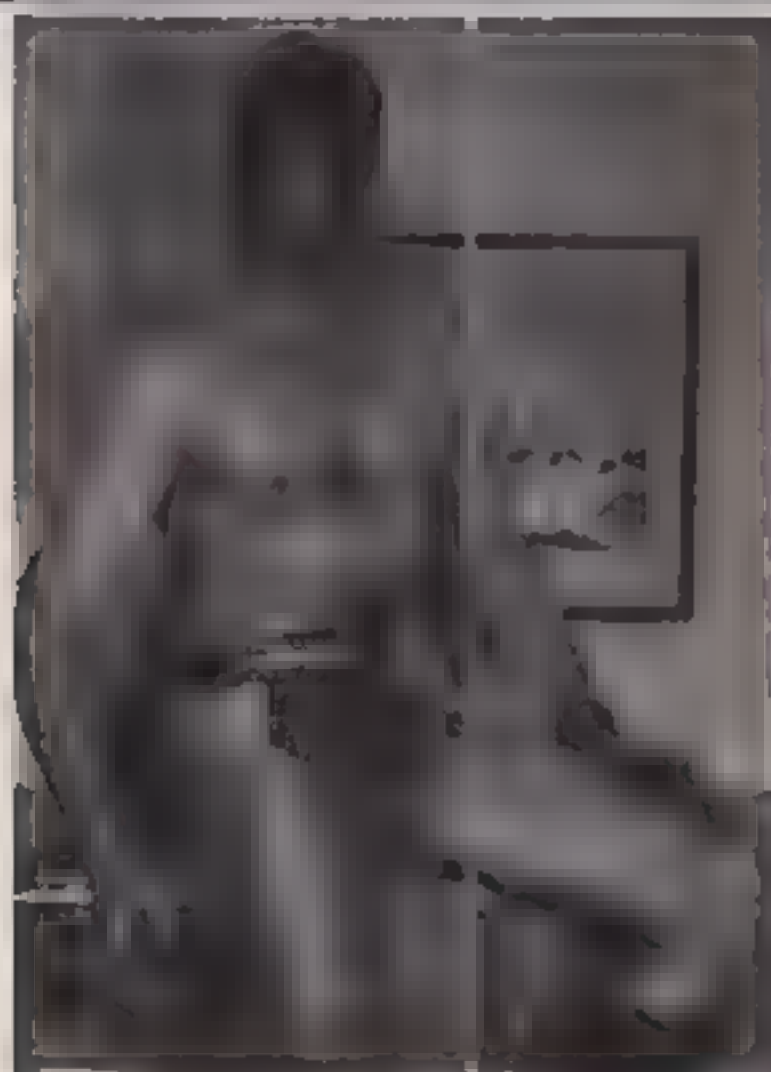
The newsletter definitely has a sense of humor, openly displayed on its cover—in this case, a tongue-in-cheek mix of slapdash fashion art attributed to "Alice & Gertrude." But there's a very serious, hands-on attitude underlying the whole, from the practical (including instructional features on constructing a rack and—Boy Scouts take note—tying effective knots) to the contemplative (such as an expertly written and very negative critique of William Carney's novels *The Real Thing* and *The Rose Exterminator*).

SMART also covers art (in this issue, a feature on the rope and chain bondage art of Nigel Kent), features a bit of fiction and poetry, and takes a political stance. The opening news section deals with an ongoing problem in Great Britain, print censorship. The editorial response: "If I am a slave and my Master tells me not to read a certain book, then I will obey him... I do not consent to being told by the state what I can read or not read. They are not my Masters. I am not their slave. They must be resisted."

Most controversial is the cover article, "Fi & Reinhard: A Mixed Gender Gay SM Relationship." Yes, the true story of a gay man and a lesbian, both into SM, whose friendship progressed "from locked glances to locked handcuffs."

SMART is published by SMART Press, BM SM Gays, London WC1N 3XX, England. Subscriptions from the U.S. for four issues are \$12 (surface mail) or \$18 (air mail).

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



MICHIGAN SPARTAN

Slaves can learn from this modern-day Spartan, Mike of Michigan, who knows how to bend stubborn peasants to his wil! Submit to TC Box No. 1051

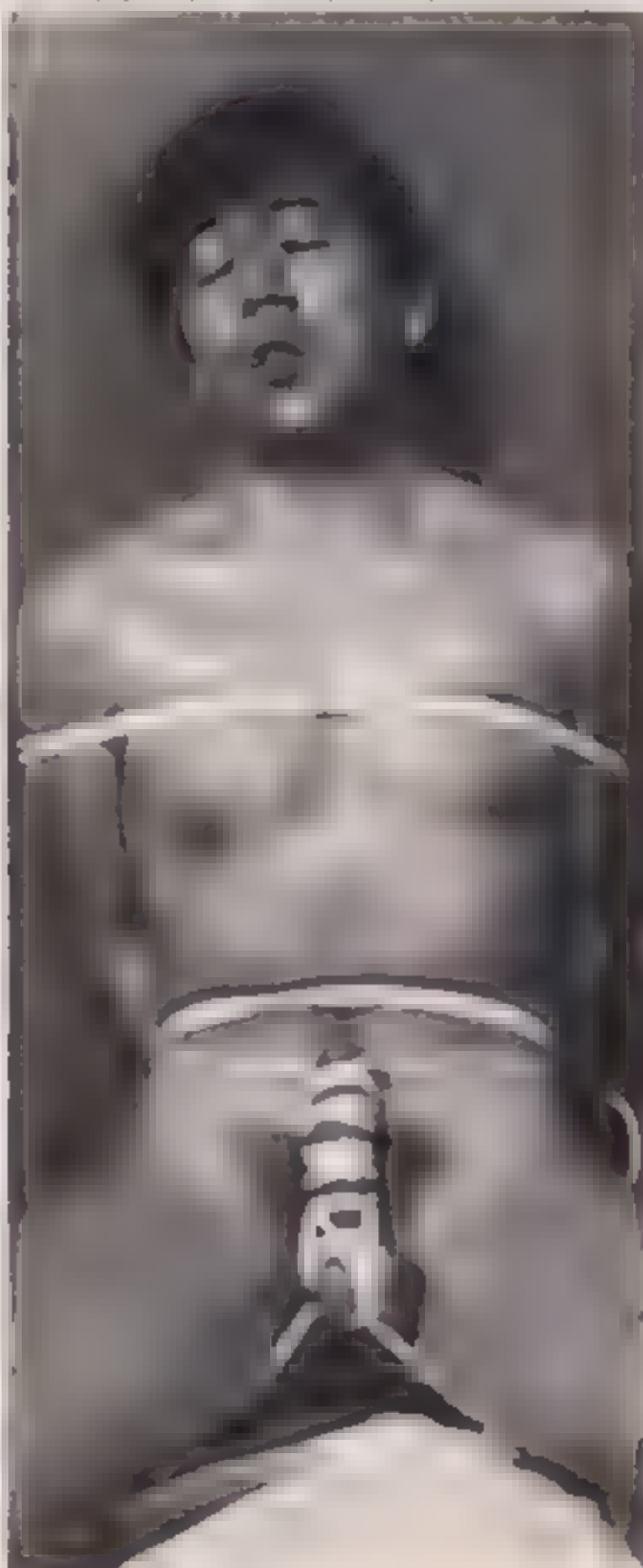


SNAP ME!

This is Roger, a six-foot, 36-year-old Britisher who's "very pro-American." Vacationing in the Rockies this summer, wants to be photographed in cowboy hat, chaps and boots against rugged scenery. Cowboys with cameras contact R. Charles, Flat 9, 40 Berwick St., London W1V 4BL, England

WANNA BE A T.C.?

Think your stuff is hot enough to appear in *Drummer's Tough Customer* pages? Like to show it off? Send your photo (black and white reproduces best, dim color shots won't do at all), along with a brief description or message to: Tough Customers, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street San Francisco, CA 94107. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo and include your name and address (we won't print that information unless you ask us to). See ya around!



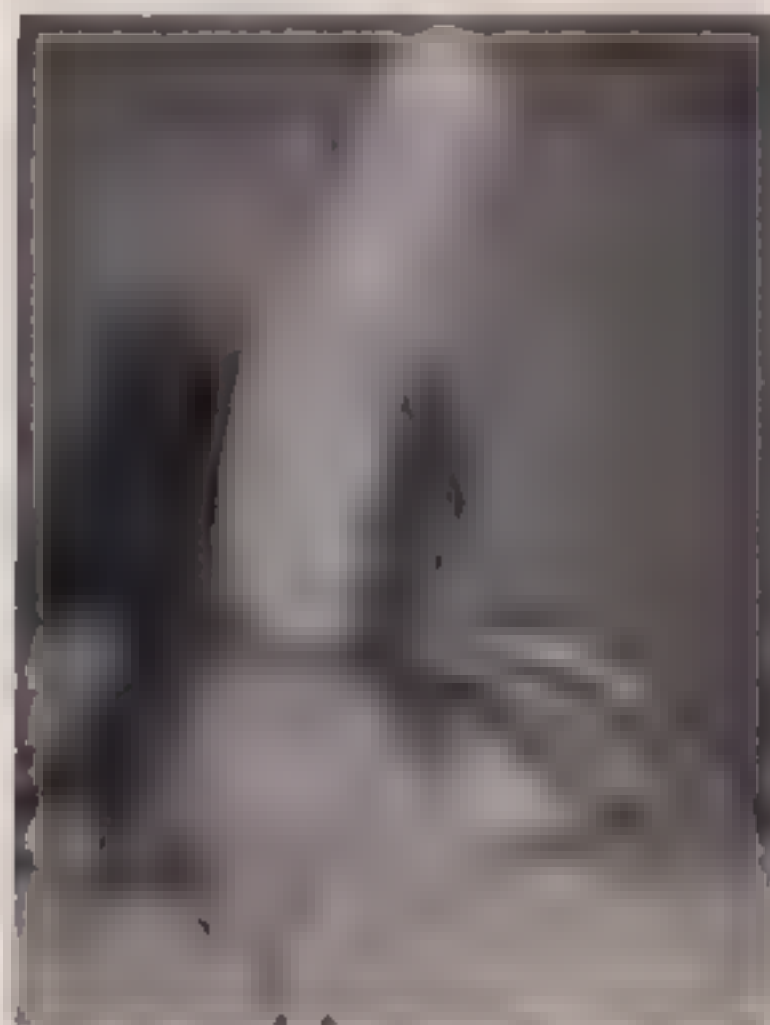
MADE IN JAPAN

This T.C. describes himself as a High Quality Slave, 27 years old, 135 lbs. of clean smooth muscle. He's looking for a master or patron to abuse him and his 7" uncut dick. Contact him via *Drummer* at T.C. Box No. 1074.



ENEMA SLAVE

"I am very excited that this picture of myself taking enemas will be seen by all your readers," says this Canadian bottom. He's 34, 138 lbs. and 5'6"—except when stretched over his master's lap to receive a warm, deep enema, in which case he's about crotch-high and takes on a pound or so. Likes spanking, tit work and Greek action from an experienced Top. Box 446 Station A, Longueuil, Province of Quebec, Canada J4H 3Z2



HOT DAMN!

The T.C. attached to this towering tube-steak is 46, 185 lbs. and 6'2". Slaves desiring to tongue ass, balls and cock and drink piss may submit SASE to Box 7651, Richmond, VA 23231. Doesn't want to correspond, just wants to "meat."

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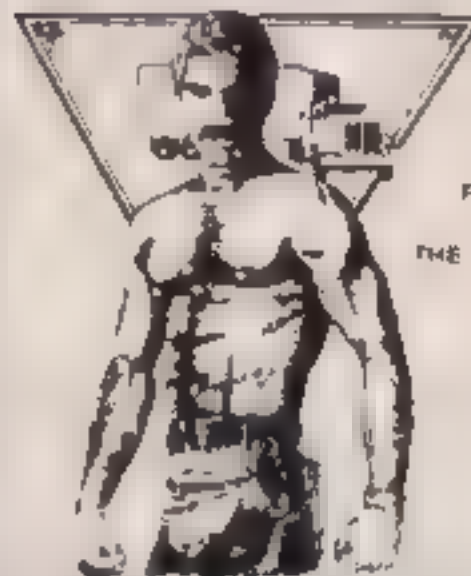
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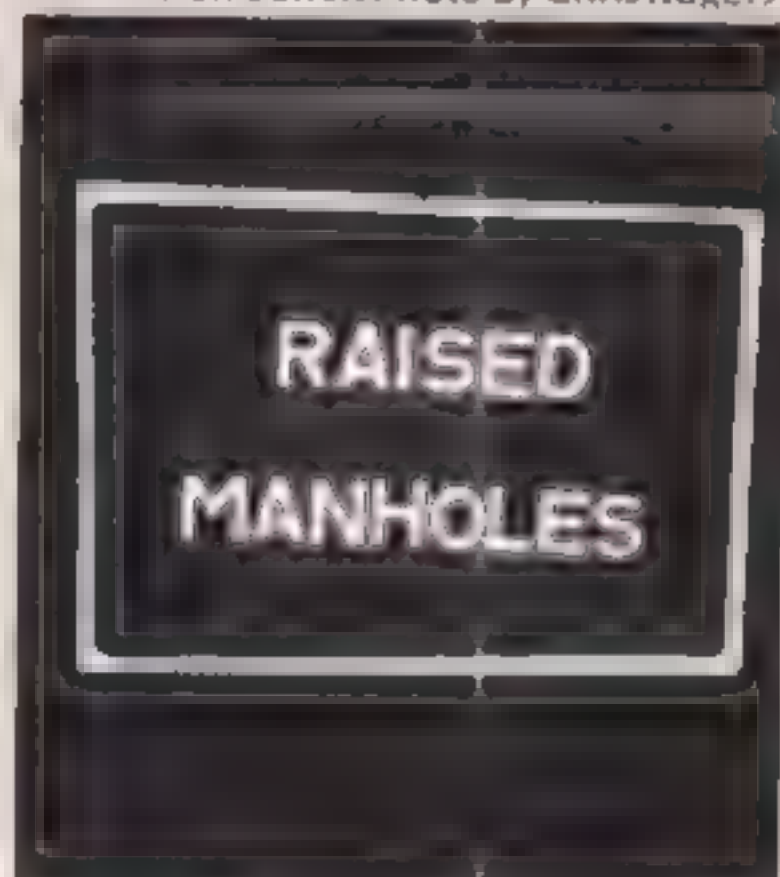


**Pittsburgh's
[NEWEST] MAN'S Bar**



BUTT-IN-AIR REPAIRS?

Somehow we had visions of hot British soldiers on their hands and knees with their buns in the air waiting for a corporal correction when one of our correspondents from England told us signs had gone up in Manchester announcing "Raised Manholes." And here's the proof that the signs, if not our desires, were on public view. Truth is, the roadworks was trying to keep pedestrians from falling down holes in the street while subterranean repairs were being made. Oh well, we still like our version better. Photo by Chris Rogers.



DIAL-A-SAILOR

What's the country coming to? The country is West Germany and the latest wrinkle in getting into the uniforms of not-always-available sailors was the special program set up by the government in co-operation with the armed forces wherein you could call a special telephone number and have a sailor (or marine or army or air force serviceman) available to spend the weekend with you. Of course, you had to go pick up your charge (and bring him back when the weekend was over)—and entertain him during his stay.

Sound too good to be true? The program was designed to provide closer contact—also known as social interaction—between West German families and lonely servicemen, especially during holidays. The program was,



FREE RADICALS IN LEATHER?

Witness the next biological step in the advancement of homo sapiens: man (the one with the cleavage and tresses) re-engineered by way of chemicals into superman. Captured in all his high-tech, low-salt glory, Durk Pearson at the Whole Life Expo in San Francisco expounding the theories he co-authored in *Life Extensions*, the most controversial of the new wave of self-motivated molecular recon-

struction theories. According to Pearson, we can live longer (forever and ever and ever) and be mentally sharper, healthier, sexier, more desirable, more immune—and still have pleasing body odor—through a combination of preservatives, vitamins, and hardly-researched wonder drugs. The only drawback is—(wait for it!)—we'll all look like Pearson. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

„Wähl dir doch einen Seemann“

Appell der Bundesmarine brachte Einladungen über Einladungen

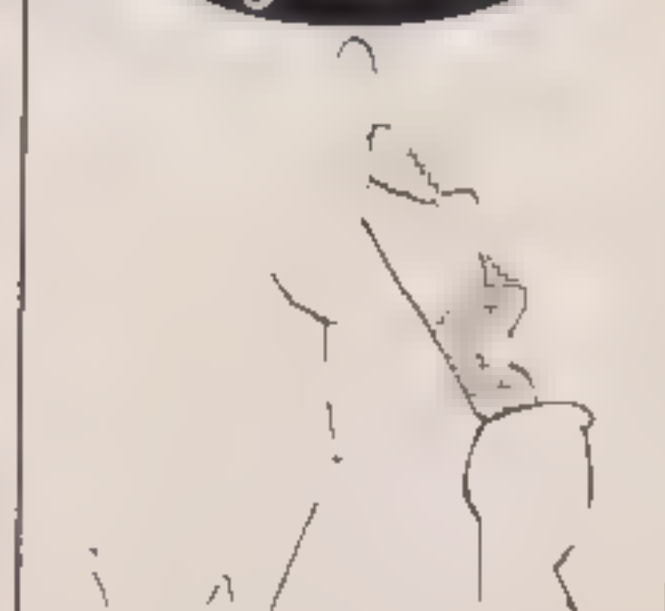
Kiel, 29. März
Ungewöhnliche Zustimmung findet die Aktion der Bundesmarine „Wähl dir einen Seemann“ bei der Bevölkerung in küstennahen Gebieten.

Jeder, der Lust hat, kann für einen Abend, für einen Tag oder für ein Wochenende einen Seemann einladen.

Norweger, einem Kanadier oder einem Holländer deutsches Familienleben oder ein Stück deutsche Heimat zeigen will, muß den Seemann von Bord abholen und auch wieder zurückbringen.

Die Bundesmarine: Bislang liegen für 126 Seeleute Einladungen vor. Ende der Aktion ist am 14.

Haben Sie heute schon gelacht?



according to officials, a resounding success. And while there were no official figures on exactly how many servicemen wound up with families and how many

wound up with *deutsch ledermiesters*, our reporters inform us that tongues are still wagging in Köln, München and Hamburg.

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DRUMMERS VIDEO

DOUBLE-BARREL TRUCKER

Dave Nesor's newest feature for Slave & Master Video is firmly set in the traditional narrative genre, but that's about the only thing that even smacks of the traditional in *A Winter's Tail*.

Nesor seems bent on never repeating himself as a director—and subsequently never peaking; each title goes further and further afield of mainstream porn (even mainstream sexual behavior). *A Winter's*

A Winter's Tail, directed by Dave Nesor, S&M Video, 1984, features entire cast, 60 minutes, color/sound; Beta/VHS, \$85 plus \$3 shipping/handling; signed statement required S&M Video Productions, 1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610

Tail is no exception. His cast includes three bipeds and one quad. But before you get your hopes up, the furry quad doesn't have an active role. He just watches intently.

A Winter's Tail begins in the cab of a long-distance truck heading for Chicago. Outside, it's snowing. On the radio, Ronald Reagan is making his acceptance speech (this story could be set in either the future or the past). An accident on the road, a jack-knifed rig, illustrates how dangerous it is in the real world.

The trucker is reminiscing about the hot times he has had in the windy city, oh, so many years ago; about all the hot studs who used to line up to slap his ass, to work him over in that "real leathermen only" sense. It takes a trucker to have an attitude about what makes a real top.

Dumping the load (in the truck) and no turn-around means at least an overnight jaunt into the haunts of yesteryear, looking for some trace of the kind of adventure that only nostalgia can make memorable.

He parks it, takes a hike, and scouts out a dive he used to frequent back in the good old days, looking for a man to match his machismo. As he lumbers down the hallways of a movie theatre-cum-sex club, he moans about how memory has been replaced with glory hole cubicles.

He spots a figure at the end of the hallway, wearing a jacket with a Skulls logo, a red hanky dripping out of his left rear jeans pocket. He says about this man: "A Skull never lies."

The trucker does a little subservient shuffle and the Skull goes after him like a bull to a red tablecloth. On your knees, fucker, and lick those shit-covered boots! You want some of me, asshole? Get down and get to work!

Along comes a curious (you know how it goes in these places, let the sound of a little ass-slapping fill the air and you'll draw a crowd) twink with a slave's harness



MANEATER—THE BEAST IS OUT: Michael Zen's long-awaited sequel to *Falconhead*, finally titled *Maneater: Falconhead II* will be released by VCA this summer. The surrealistic next-episode in what looks to be a trilogy continues with the mystery of the mirror and the riddle of the falconheaded figure of sexual excess. Screened as the opening film at the First Hollywood Erotic Film Festival and as a special midnight show at the 1984 San Francisco International Gay Film Festival, Michael Zen's saga has drawn divided reactions. It's been seven years since *Falconhead* bucked viewers out of their seats with one of the strangest of the the pros, with story line openings to follow suit. Zeus has already released a book of stills from the film.

strapped to his torso. The Skull grabs him up and slams him against the wall—the message here is that a Skull can take on two sniveling assholes as effortlessly as he can one.

The trucker is played by the infamous and ubiquitous Donut (The Black Hole) and it's a good thing; otherwise this might have been just a run-of-the-mill fisting story. Donny, the leather twink (aka The Hungry Hole) and Donut make a good match for The Skull (played by Dr. Bob from *The Terrible Trilogy*), who has the equipment—two arms, no waiting—necessary to keep both boys occupied at the same time. In fact, Dr. Bob is not above using both hands, one hand and an oversized dildo, or his feet to plow ass—but more about that later.

The Skull drags his two charges to a room somewhere in the bowels of this establishment wherein is waiting a double sling, a hitching post, a chain-link fence, and the quadruped bystander.

First the trucker gets slung, with a monster rubber cock shoved into his wet, anxious rectal orifice. The twink gets chained to the hitching post and a previously un-introduced, curly-haired leather-clad bottom's bottom sucks his dick.

Then The Skull attaches a second story to the sling and both assholes are primed for his multiweapon assaults: one fist

each, both fists, rubber fists, large dildos, larger dildos, double-headed dildos, you name it. The more the slaves holler, the bigger their assholes gape, the deeper The Skull plunges. He works the twink's cock in his leather-gloved hand until it erupts. He smashes the trucker's balls in his leather-covered palms until they turn beet-red.

Finally, he throws both bruised bottoms on the concrete floor and attached them, butt to butt, by one long, wobbly, double-headed dildo. He plows them with his feet, first one, then the other, then both.

Quadruped takes notice. He's interested, but all available holes are filled. Rumor has it that Donut decided to eat quadruped's food and they spent the final half-hour barking at each other, but those scenes—miraculously—do not appear.

Even a true blue trucker can get satisfied, if he works at it long enough and eventually (after about an hour) The Skull decides they've had enough (or he's had enough). That's it. No "can I take my hand (or my foot) out of your ass now," just pull 'em out and wipe 'em off and get lost. But then, he's taught this out-of-towner a thing or two.

A Winter's Tail is, overall, one of Dave Nesor's most cohesive works. The narrative style he employed for *Crime Does Pay* works as well here as it did then. The

character motivation in porn is fairly universal; the knack is to keep the characters moving until the end of the tape. No one falls slack on the job in a Dave Nesor story.

Technically, *A Winter's Tail* is inconsistent. The opening montage in the truck cab are simply the best visuals ever to come out of Nesor's camera; in fact, the outdoor shooting—which has never been an element of Slave & Master Video productions—is superb. Light balance and clarity in the interior shots are only average. But hardcore fisting fans will find it easy to overlook almost everything. *A Winter's Tail* gives this audience their fill.

THE ROOTS OF THE RANCH

Seeing *Ranch House Video 1* after having seen *Ranch House Video 2* (see *Drummer* 72, pg. 86) is neither a disappointment nor like witnessing some earlier, obscure movie by Francis Ford Coppola. Rather, it's like seeing a parallel version of the same thing. Oh, there is a great deal of difference between *Ranch 2* and *Ranch 1*, to be sure. And a striking number of similarities.

In fact, if you ran these two tapes together, besides having a nearly seamless 3 hours of intense sexuality in

Ranch House Video 1, D.T. Enterprises, 1983, features entire cast, 90 minutes; color/sound Beta/VHS; \$85 postpaid, signed statement required. D.T. Enterprises, 7131 Owensmouth No. B7, Canoga Park, CA 91301.

extreme close up, you'd also have three hours that built and crested like a great crashing wave of an orgasm. *Ranch 1* the foreplay, *Ranch 2* the endless orgasm that ends the night.

The same group of twenty very diverse men appears in *Ranch House 1*, ranging from the slender hairless to the hairy and hung, although in a different order (if there is an order to relentless sexual exploration) and to different conclusions. The extra-endowed black stud who opened *Ranch 2* shows up in *Ranch 1* on his stomach, having his guts tucked out by an even bigger, rougher black man. The thickly-endowed, uncut blond (that's the best I can do with the characters who are totally unidentified) who was the closing urinal in *Ranch 2* makes his debut in *Ranch 1* as a depository for dildos in an extended segment that might make even Chris Burns green with envy.

That's the way it goes in *Ranch 1*, these pansexual men showing off specific sexual proclivities one time and certain other endearments the next.

Both tapes are extremely well done for independent work, clear, concise, constantly fresh; the emphasis on the sexual pyrotechnics rather than the personalities. A little less rough than *Ranch House 2*, *Ranch House Video 1* is recommended for viewers who want to start off with something less severe than a high-pitched wail.

—John W. Rowberry

QUICKIES

How's this for a premise: Amid the sexual shindigs of California politics rises a sanctimonious female crusader for morality. Demanding an audience with the senator from her district—who is more interested in getting a blow job from his secretary than the prattle of local do-gooders—she outlines her plans to expel gay teachers and close down gay bathhouses and otherwise mind other people's business. Seems the crusader has been given a message from beyond the blue: Clean up the morality of the world or else. Going after gays is her way of getting her foot in the door; prostitutes, pornography, singles bars, swing parties—all are grist for her mill. But the senator, anxious to head her off at the pass, arranges for local gay libbers to eat her up, orgy-style. Getting Ms. Righteousness in a compromising position and documenting it may even call for—ugh!—seducing her yourself. But no sacrifice is too much for the cause. And such is the story of S&L Video's one-hour feature *Beyond The Blue*, due out this summer and aimed for the heterosexual market. Once again, art imitates life.

Good news and bad news for Matt Ramsey fans: the hot star of William Higgins' *Cousins* has another spectacular feature under his belt, Steve Scott's *Screenplay* (which also stars Lee Ryder). *Screenplay* is expected to be Steve Scott's second summer blockbuster, coming hard on the heels of his staggering *Non-Stop*. That's the good news. The bad news is that *Screenplay* will be Matt Ramsey's farewell to gay porn. Why? The response he got from his first non-gay porn film convinced him that he was destined to join the superstars of that genre. Ramsey is hardly the first crossover talent; he joins a long list that includes Jack Wrangler, Eric Ryan, and George Payne—but his fans are hardly going to feel they've had their fill of watching him pound willing male asses, only to find themselves sitting through encounters of a completely different kind looking for a glimpse of the all-American stud.

While Trophy Video will be debuting Steve Scott's *Non-Stop* at the Summer CES Video Market in Chicago (and while the theatrical version is having its premiere at the Bijou Theatre in Chicago), Al Parker's new film, *One in a Billion*, will be promoted by Rollo Productions. A major title for Rollo, the Al Parker video awaits a release date.

Let the buyer beware. White Horse Video is offering what looks like ten full-length gay video titles for \$99—but read the brochure carefully. Although ten boxes are shown, word has it that what you get for \$99 is a preview tape with excerpts from the bestsellers being promoted. No one, and I mean no one, is going to sell you a pre-recorded video cassette for \$9, no matter how many you buy.

Old Reliable has a major number coming in their VT series, VT-79—90 minutes of street punks engaged in no-holds-barred wrestling, with and without trunks. Is the world ready for non-gay, balls-to-balls scrapping? Watch this space.

Still to be decided: Who will get Arthur J. Bressan Jr.'s newest explicit feature, *Daddy Dearest*, which also marks Richard Locke's return to the screen.



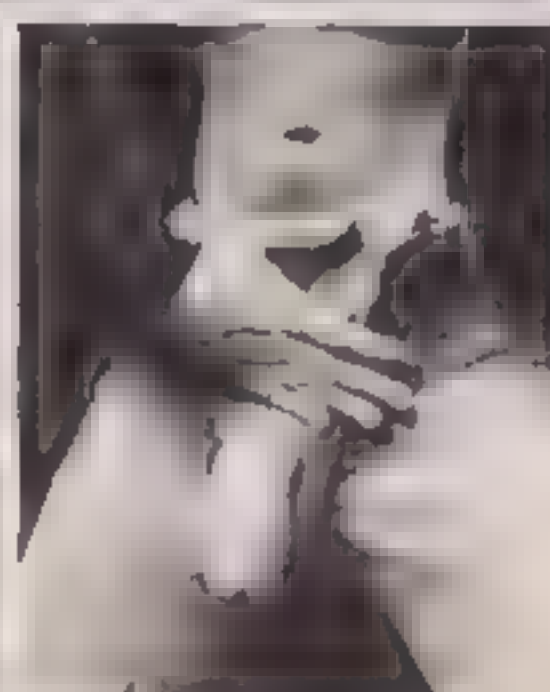
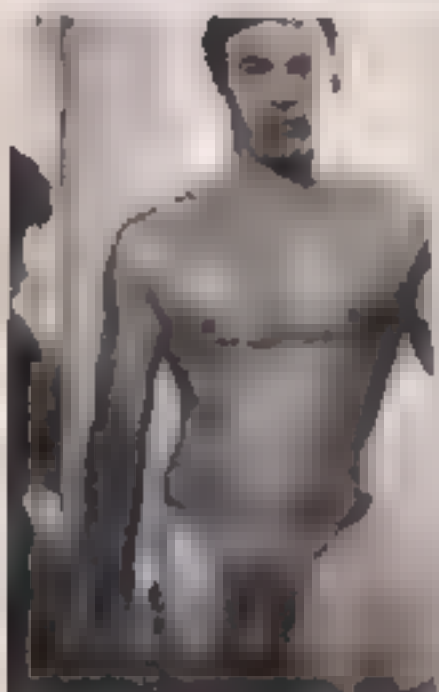
SCREENPLAY—PALMS WITHOUT SHADE: Steve Scott's *Screenplay*, bought almost sight unseen by Trophy Video, will give the multi-talented director a second major feature on video following his already best-selling *Non-Stop*. Starring Lee Ryder, looking more muscular and more seductive than ever, and Matt Ramsey (in his farewell role), Scott's contemporary Hollywood story has as many palm trees as it does production values. Expect late summer or early fall video release.

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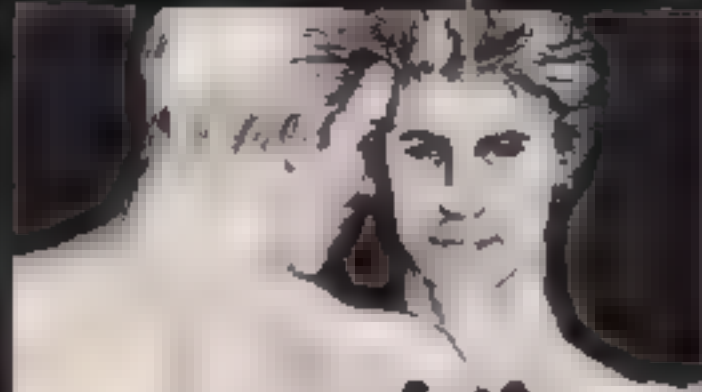
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DRUMMER BOOKS

TWO SIDES OF THE MIRROR

Immediately before me I saw the shocking sight of coaches and market carts rattling past, pulled by slaves instead of horses. As many as eight and ten slaves were harnessed to the large coaches, and here and there a small chariot rolled by pulled only by a couple of pairs and there were even small market carts without drivers being pulled by lone slaves, the Masters on foot beside them.

But before I could overcome my shock... I saw the Master's leather coach before me, and five slaves, the four in pairs, all laced into boots and well-harnessed with bits jerking back their heads, and their naked buttocks decorated with horsetails... a smartly dressed youth pushed me forward to complete the third and last pair nearest to the vehicle.

"No, please," I thought as I had a thousand times at the castle, "no, I beg of you..." But no real belief in resistance galvanized me. I was in the power of these villagers, who placed the long thick bit firmly back in my mouth and the reins over my shoulders. The thick phallus ground into me as it was shifted up.

I have to explain something about tits and me. I think men's nipples were put there to make life easy. There really is very little that works as well in S&M as tit play—unless you want to go all the way to some pretty heavy stuff.

Pretty soon I had him moaning a bit. Not much, but enough honest little groans were escaping that I could tell he was really feeling it. I didn't slow down. In fact I increased the pressure some. "Please," he whispered eventually. I ignored him. I kept on teething his tit till the little nub was so tender that even my tongue could bring on the guttural sounds. Finally he tried to pull away.

I leaned up quickly and looked at him. "What the fuck are you doing?"

He looked a tiny bit guilty and answered in a

low tone, "You were starting to hurt."

You knew what you were getting into. Want to leave?"

"No." He spoke that out loud.

I put a hand gently on his face. Then put the other one in my mouth."

The two passages above are superficially similar. Each is from a major new work by an important writer of SM fiction. Each contains a tableau of Master and slave, in which the submissive male pleads for release but capitulates to his Master's will and to his own desire. Each is a turn on. But there is a marked and significant difference in these two scenes, and in the two books from which they are taken.

The first is from *Beauty's Punishment* by A.N. Roquelaure (E.P. Dutton, 233 pp., \$7.95), a quasi-medieval fantasy of Masters and slaves and a sequel to last year's *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*. The second is from John Preston's new collection of short fiction, *I Once Had a Master* (Alyson Publications, PO Box 2783, Boston, MA 02208, 121 pp., \$7.95).

Roquelaure and Preston represent two very different approaches to this type of fiction; except for the fact that both deal with sexuality and SM, one could almost say that they are working in completely different genres. Roquelaure is a fantasist working in shades of purple (the prose) and black (the vision); in the world of *Beauty* and *Tristan*, sexual playthings of their Masters and Mistresses, slavery is real and unrelenting. Given this setting, Roquelaure's imagination is unrestrained, and *Beauty's Punishment* is a feverish fable of self-indulgence and self-abasement.

Roquelaure's sequel is more successful than its predecessor. Here, the fantasy is more fully realized and immediate, and the masochistic longing for humiliation takes us closer to the heart of darkness.

But it is also an uneven book; the sequences about *Beauty*, told in the third person, are less potent than those about *Prince Tristan*, which are narrated in his own voice. It may be that the author empathizes more deeply with *Tristan*, or that Roquelaure is simply more effective when writing in the first person, but I also suspect a purely commercial reason for the novel's split voice. Since *Beauty's Punishment* is marketed to appeal to all sexual persuasions, the passages following *Beauty* are in a voyeuristic third person to appeal to straight men, who might be left cold by *Tristan's* confession of being used and penetrated (with which women and gay men can identify).

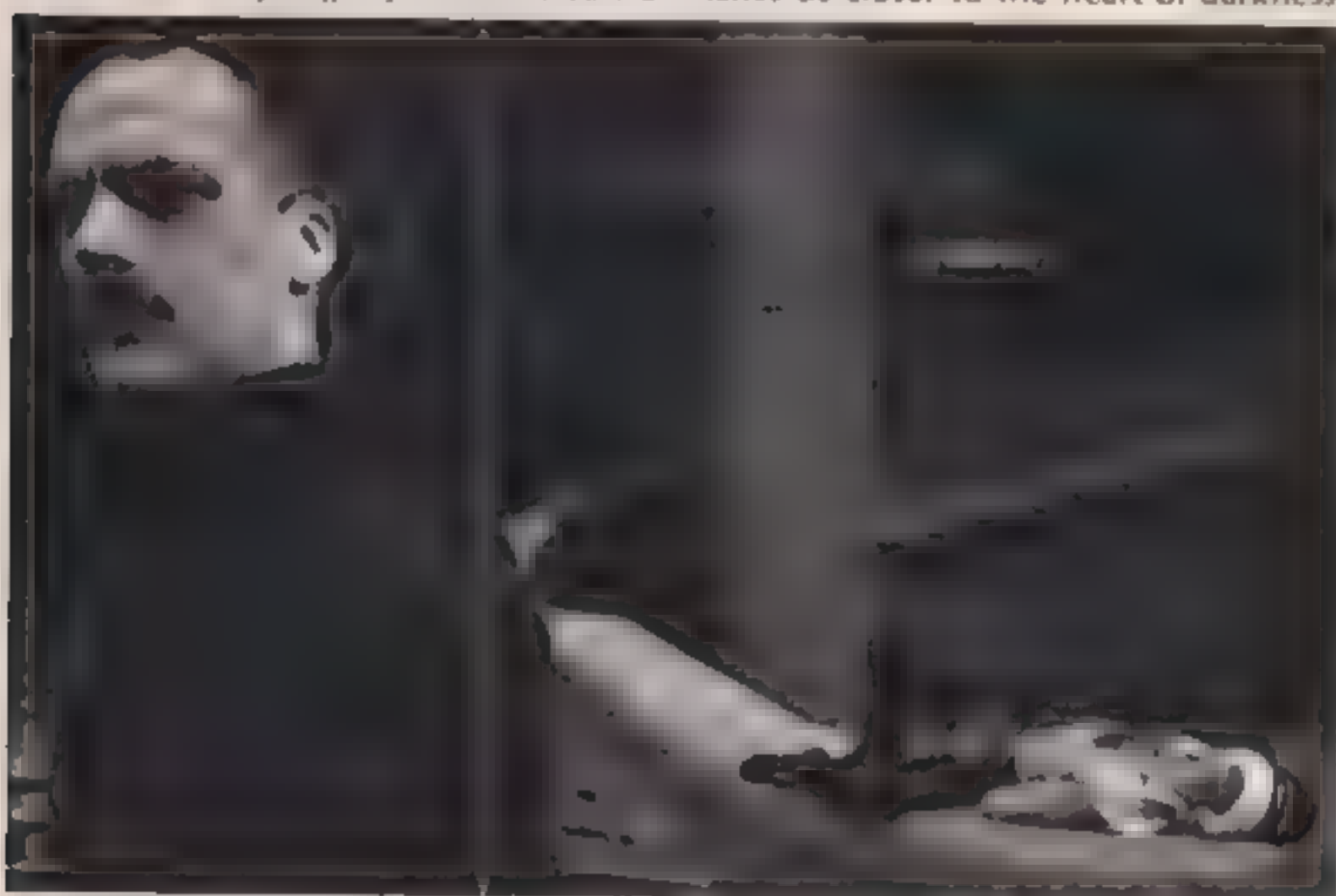
It is a book best read in small doses, or else the unremitting debasement of the characters—and the breathless prose describing it—becomes cloying. Played out in reality, Roquelaure's story would be spiritually numbing and ultimately horrific; but this is fantasy, and the writhing of Roquelaure's endlessly penetrated and humiliated slaves provides an entertainment, not a moral lesson. The psychologies at work here are imaginary—but no less valid or vivid for being idealized.

The people and situations in Preston's *I Once Had a Master*, on the other hand, are decidedly true to life. These are short stories, but they could as easily be passages from an intelligent and articulate leatherman's diary. (Much of his material is in fact autobiographical, as Preston explains in a revealing epilogue, "On Writing Pornography.") Preston should need little introduction to readers of this magazine; four of the pieces in this collection, including the title story, first appeared in *Drummer*. Those who have followed his work since the serialization of *Mr. Benson* will agree with the author's self-assessment, that his concerns as a writer have moved from fantasies of wish-fulfillment toward an increasingly documentary style.

The psychologies here are not imaginary, but recognizably (and sometimes painfully) real. Where Roquelaure's chief themes are lust and its frenzy, Preston replaces lust with longing, and frenzy with a rather wistful nostalgia. Nothing is permanent in *I Once Had a Master*. Men meet and move on, and even the happiest resolutions are tenuous. Memory is the touchstone: Lessons are learned, partners are not forgotten. Roquelaure's world seems static by comparison, despite all its wild and torrid movement—a place where desire is crystalized, and memory has little value in an unquenchable onslaught of flesh.

Beauty's Punishment is the dream, *I Once Had a Master* is the reality. There may be some readers who will like (or dislike) these books in equal measure, but I suspect that most will have a clear preference; and that will say as much about the reader as it does about the writers.

—Aaron Travis



ONCE UPON A MASTER: Nostalgia and longing are the keynotes in *I Once Had a Master*, a collection of John Preston's most mature fiction. Photo by Gordon Fiedor
80 DRUMMER

DRUMMEDIA MOVIES

DEUCES WILD

Forty Deuce stands for 42nd Street. Add "Bee-way" for the corner thoroughfare and you're standing at the crossroads of Big Apple mythology. Tack on up and down dimensions and the boundaries extend from graffiti-garnished subway to pigeon-shit rooftop. Human gobs of unidentified vegetables float around in the legendary melting-pot middle.

All talk and no action—a day in the life of lowlife—doesn't usually make for gripping drama, but this'll hold you, if you don't need subtitles. The language of *Forty Deuce* is cant, not camp, and Berlitz couldn't touch it if it would; what playwright Alan Bowne didn't invent for the original 1981 stage production was already re-encoded by the real street people, well before Paul Morrissey (Warhol's erstwhile alter-libido) brought it to the screen.

From the meatrack comes the plaintive, assertive cry of the new street vendor: "Coke! Speed! Cock!"...the sounds of young immigrants just-off-the-bus via the Port Authority Terminal. The verb is "to sell"—hands fondle baskets instead of pushing carts, but the bargaining style hasn't changed. The noun is "scat" in both standard and off-color definitions of the word, a limited vocabulary of Anglo-Saxon expletives and multi-ethnic jargon ("We all niggahs, niggah!") with a flat-toned writing rhythm all its own. "Fuck" replaces the adjective ("I know Ropah, I do Ropah; he's fuckin' Upper East"). Nothing is named straight out ("Your dirt cracked the kid, Blow") and nothing is done straight up ("It's a big banana, Mary, and they'll ram it right up your uterus"). When plain old English idiom and pop-psych comes along ("You modulate my desires; it's tit for tat, kids: our tyranny opposed to yours") it sounds weird and suddenly questionable: "It was the feeling of being without power that made me hurt you." The fancy rationalizations slough off and the more plausible truth that comes through is that the speaker is "slummin'", like some oleomargarine queen or the married men who pay to get their bottoms busted by boys so they can go home and play macho to their suburban wives.

The result is a down-and-dirty talking blues on film ("a small change dealer and a workin' queen"; "faggots pay top dollar and they pay right now") halfway between Woody Guthrie and a 17th-century London broadsheet, spat off the tongue like a rusty switchblade ricocheting off bones. The visuals shuffle out a counterpoint to the rhythm of the words, as secretive as the language is forthright.



EROTIC ICON: *Flagrant splashes of sardonic humor, electric color and gothic mystery dot the plot of Paul (Spetters) Verhoeven's The Fourth Man, a tall tale of murder and imagination, sensuality and psychic powers. Tomm Hoffman plays Herman, here conjured up as an erotic savior by Gerard, a gay novelist caught in the enameled sex-and-terror web of a seductive widow.*

The story is free enterprise and futility in action. There's business going down, amateurs playing with a major drug deal, complicated by sideline hustling and the presence of a suggestively posed 12-year-old whose role calls for lying very, very still (read: very, very dead). The ensemble acting is subdued and tight—as it should be with the cast that paid its dues in front of the footlights: Ricky (Kevin Bacon), Crank (Tommy Citera), Blow (Mark Key-loun), Roper (Orson Bean). They're going to burn each other, fuck each other over, shift loyalties, hang together and separately, and make out like the Lost Boys after Peter Pan dumped Wendy and took off with Tinkerbell.

All values are juggled on the same scale—pricks, snorts, put-downs, power trips and the thin, cold fantasies of what imagined cash can buy—and they never even get to realizing that they're nothing going nowhere. But they do it so well.

Morrissey's movie is still a filmed play, with split-screen and mirror effects in the second half (so you can see for-sure how they never come and never contact) and a slightly altered, expanded plot to add locations—a scene at the back wall of a poolhall framing a *Torchsong Trilogy* poster—and flesh out minor characters

like "the dyke at the donut stand" who stands in for the creatures who people NoWoman's Land.

We've heard about them, known a few, hung out with the never-ending stream of kid hustler/junkies and fringe Mafia types, but this is where art separates drama from documentary. *Forty Deuce* permits no "ologist's" bird's-eye view or clinical dissection. They're a circus act seen close up, practicing death-defying leaps into an unnetted void, oblivious to oohs, boos, applause, attack or indifference—a generation of outlaw acrobats who won't live long enough to reproduce their drug-mortified genes even if they could care less. The next crop of babystuds are already on their way. They left their virginity and their potential citizenship behind in Brooklyn and Boise, stepped from bus to highwire act and will stay aloft, for your viewing pleasure, until the bough breaks.

Forty Deuce is a true romance for the '80s, already part of the myth of the American Untouchables and other cabalistic, colorful gay-spawned folklore. It has its place—go visit it before they shut it away in the asylum archives.

—Penni Kimmel

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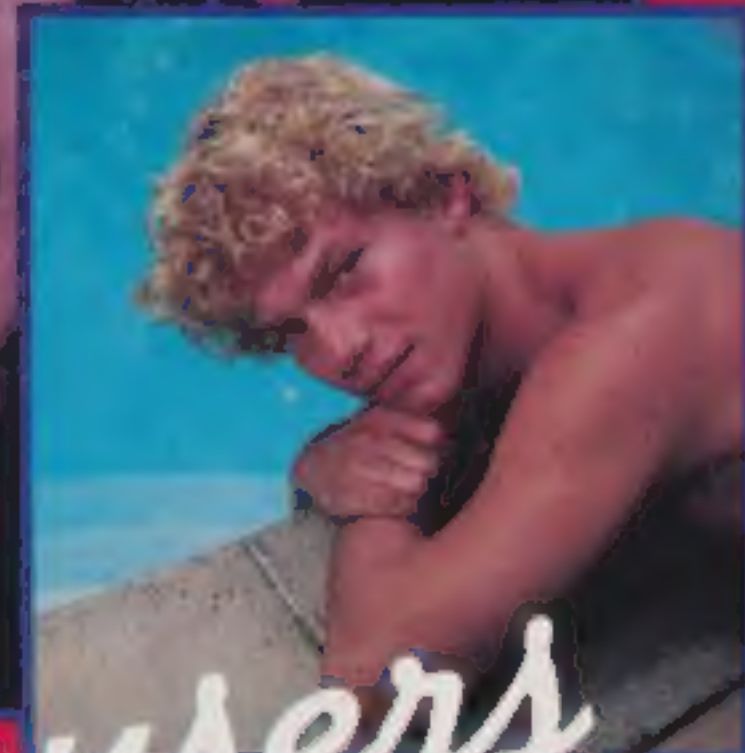
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